THE
NATION

APRIL 30, 1960 . . 25c

Upsala College
Library
East Orange, N. J.

BOURBONS, BOSSES and BROKERS

A Hard Look at the Democratic Party

Robert G. Spivack

NON-REVOLUTIONARY DAUGHTERS

Wade Thompson

The Campaign for GAS-GERM WARFARE

John Barden

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Life on the Campus

Dear Sirs: With regard to your April 2 editorial, disparaging the ethical standards of college newsmen who write ads for *Life,* let me protest.... You maintain, apparently, that it is immoral to take a fee for writing a review. Yet in that same issue, your Vivian Mercier did just that, to the tune of $7.50—the price of the publisher-supplied free copy.* ...Even if *Nation* reporters uniquely reject free tickets and return free books, others do not; yet you do not call Mr. Brooks Atkinson an artistic harlot. Where is the moral division...?

GORDON B. CHAMBERLAIN
Former Feature Editor,
Yale News

**All* Nation *reviewers get a fee for their work, of course, and they keep the books sent them as part of the fee. But fees and books are supplied by* The Nation, *not by the publisher whose work is under review. This is where the* Life *promotion gimmick departs from normal, accepted practice.* — ED.

Dear Sirs: Concerning the *Life* promotion stunt, I am pleased to say that the *Pitt News* is not among the 160 participating newspapers. Although we were invited to "Look at *Life,*" we did not accept. I am surprised at some of the school papers which are running the column.

MURRAY CHASS
Pitt News

The Need to Know

Dear Sirs: The President may keep us accurately informed on defense but there is no doubt that he and his appointees have deliberately denied us the truth on developments in China. For the solution of acute domestic problems, we need to know:

1. The methods used and degree of success in elimination of crime in China, including Shanghai, where conditions were worse in 1949 than in Chicago today.

2. The methods used and degree of success in elimination of estrangement or alienation in industrial cities.

3. The methods used and degree of success in reformation of criminals during a decade of a novel type of penology.

4. The methods used and degree of success in stimulating participation in self-government by the citizens.

5. The methods used and degree of success in ending injustice and prejudice suffered for generations by national minorities.

Experiment on a very large scale in each of these fields has yielded results, good or bad, over a ten-year period. We are ill-served by a policy which denies us knowledge of vital import to our own welfare. Recognition and mutual exchange of correspondents are essential for American citizens who have the obligation, the right and the need to learn the facts.

HUGH HARDYMAN

Jalisco, Mexico

Neat Distillation

Dear Sirs: I should like to propose that you keep *The Nation's* press badge pinned on the broad lapel of Malcolm Ross, no matter who wants to keep him out of their clam-bakes. The subtle *fin de siècle* mood that comes through his report of the Miami meeting of the Young Presidents Organization was perhaps the choicest bit in your fine issue of April 16.

Only one who has long known working stiffs and Lee, Higginson types could have so neatly distilled the essence of a witty conversation over a bottle of Madeira and a pipe of Irish tobacco between a mellowed H. L. Mencken (rest his shade!) and the Canon Missioner concerning the problems of our parish, the nation.

C. J. S. DURHAM

Vienna, Va.

A Lady's Dilemma

Dear Sirs: I know I'm not supposed to be very bright. . . . I will buy four extra cans of tuna to get twenty additional trading stamps, then try to get my relatives to help me get rid of the tuna. I was an ardent TV quiz fan until recently. . . . I will vote for the man who has the best personality (well, to be honest, the one who looks most like Raymond Burr).

Now I need help. Our TV and radio newscasters and newspapers have been expressing moral indignation at the treatment of the Negroes in South Africa. But last night there was a switch. I heard on the radio that the put-upon Negroes were all Terrorists. I picked up the local *Post-Times* (Scripps-Howard) and the story was that they were Communists. Baffled, I hurried to listen to Chet Huntley, who said that South Africa *says* that the natives are led by Communists (but Huntley had the wrong expression on his face; *viva la* TV). Are you as mystified as I am? I've heard about Russia — there's the usual Communist line. But what is the line in America? It looks like the electrocardiogram of a highly nervous patient. . . .

Are the South African Negroes really Terrorists, and are they led by Communists? How could they carry Communist cards when their pockets are searched to see if they are carrying their hated passes (that is, if the pockets aren't a mass of clotted blood)?

ESTHER R. COADY

Cincinnati O.

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

373 ●

ARTICLES

376 ● The Non-Revolutionary Daughters
by WADE THOMPSON

378 ● Time-Bomb in Panama
by MARTIN B. TRAVIS and JAMES T. WATKINS

381 ● Bourbons, Bosses and Brokers
by ROBERT G. SPIVACK

383 ● Germ-Gas Warfare
by JOHN BARDEN

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

386 ● The Pleasure of Creative Surprise
by THOMAS MOSER

388 ● Dishonest Under Pressure
by DONALD R. CRESSEY

389 ● Wagging the Dog
by WILLIAM P. TOLLEY

390 ● Theatre
by HAROLD CLURMAN

391 ● Art
by FAIRFIELD PORTER

391 ● Music
by LESTER TRIMBLE

392 ● Films
by ROBERT HATCH

392 ● History Lecture (poem)
by M. RIDDLE

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 392)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts

Harold Clurman, Theatre
Maurice Grosser, Art
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Lester Trimble, Music

Alexander Werth, European Correspondent

Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

The Nation, Apr. 30, 1960. Vol. 190, No. 18

The Nation published weekly (except for omission of four summer issues) by The Nation Company and copyright 1960, in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price Domestic—One year $8, Two years $14, Three Years $20. Additional postage per year, Foreign $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1960
VOLUME 190, No. 18

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Patriot

All the editorial writers and commentators agree on one thing: Syngman Rhee is a glowing patriot, the George Washington of Korea. The New York *Herald Tribune*: "Dr. Rhee's intense patriotism is beyond question, but his impatience with opposition has led him into sometimes repressive paths." The *Christian Science Monitor*: "Dr. Rhee has a strong sense of mission . . . he feels that he must stay at the helm in order to complete the unification of Korea — a unification he has urged even at the cost of war. . . . It is perhaps a credit to Dr. Rhee's concept of democracy that he permits an opposition to function at all." To uphold this avatar of democracy, we have spent 33,000 American lives and untold American billions — more than all the aid we have given to India. We have set up, financed and supported with military force his regime of grafters and gangsters in uniform, all under the aegis of a love of country that manifests itself in mock elections, stuffed ballot boxes, and the torture and murder of any citizen who has the temerity to protest.

From Washington it may not have looked too bad, but the South Korean students were, after all, closer to the scene. Few Americans know the record of the university and high school students of Korea. On March 1, 1919, they issued a declaration of independence from their Japanese overlords and organized demonstrations all over the peninsula. Scores were killed by the Japanese police, hundreds were imprisoned or disappeared. On March 15, 1960, a similar situation developed in Masan and other cities. The students demonstrated not so much against Rhee, the American-sponsored untouchable, as against his hand-picked stooge, Lee Ki Poong, running for Vice President against the opposition's Dr. John M. Chang. In Masan, some fifteen or twenty students were missing after "order" was restored; four weeks later, the badly-beaten body of sixteen-year-old Kim Chu Yol was found floating in the harbor. A mob, led by parents of the missing youths, gathered outside the morgue and demanded the body. Hell broke loose when it was refused. Most of the public buildings of Masan were wrecked. The riots spread to Seoul and other cities. Some eighty were slain and hundreds wounded when students marched on the palace of the great patriot in Seoul; only the army, reinforcing the police, saved him.

On March 16, Secretary of State Christian Herter called in South Korean Ambassador You Chan Yang and, according to *The New York Times*, "filed a mild criticism." On April 19, Mr. Herter used stronger language, accusing the South Korean Government, through Ambassador Yang, of adopting "repressive measures unsuited to a free democracy." In this way the Secretary did what he could to avert a Hungarian-type debacle for the United States in Asia. Fresh from the interview, Ambassador Yang, an unctuous smile playing over his face, went on television and said it was all the work of the Communists.

The Nation has never subscribed to the theory of Rhee's patriotism. Since 1946, at regular intervals, it has denounced him as a fraud and a bloody tyrant. The student demonstrators who chanted, "Remember the spirit of 1919" before the troops silenced them — they knew him for what he is. The real patriots lay in the South Korean streets.

Easter and the Chemical Corps

This year the Easter season was marred by a series of warlike headlines from Cleveland designed to alert this peace-loving nation to the dangers — and tactical advantages — of gas-germ warfare (see John Barden's article on page 383 of this issue). In part, the timing was fortuitous; the American Chemical Society was holding its 137th annual meeting and the Army Chemical Corps took advantage of a hospitable forum to air its grisly views on how to destroy the maximum number of "enemy" lives at the lowest-per-unit cost. But behind the headlines is a story which the press seems to have overlooked. Some time back, scientists of Britain's Imperial Chemical Industries discovered, quite by accident, new chemical agents called V-gases — 1,000 times more potent than the dreaded German nerve-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gases — and promptly passed the glad tidings along to the appropriate British authorities. But Britain is a signatory to the Geneva Convention prohibiting the use of poison gas, so the British officials relayed the information to their opposite numbers in Washington, on the theory that, as non-signers, we might put it to good use. "Starved" for funds, and acutely frustrated generally, the Army Chemical Corps decided to launch a souped-up campaign for a larger cut of defense appropriations geared to the notion that if a test ban on nuclear tests is finally achieved, the new gases might provide a dandy substitute deterrent.

The campaign, now in full swing, carries the unmistakable imprint of Madison Avenue at its worst. In fact, the London *Times* reported on March 8 that the U.S. Army Chemical Corps had hired "unofficial public-relations men to build up a systematic campaign to focus attention on the possibilities of these weapons, to reduce public fear of them, and eventually to gain official approval for them as an integral part of the national defense system." Queried by *The Nation*, a high official in Research and Development at the Pentagon said that if private public-relations firms had been used it was news to him, but he conceded that the department was eager to acquaint the public with the facts about gas-germ warfare.

As might have been expected, the British were horrified by the campaign. On March 7, the London *Daily Express* reported that Whitehall feared that the starting of full-scale production of the new gases might convince the Russians that there was little use in agreeing to a nuclear-test ban if poison gases were not prohibited. The same point had occurred earlier to Rep. Robert W. Kastenmeier of Wisconsin. On September 3, last year, Mr. Kastenmeier introduced a resolution (HCR 433), which called for a reaffirmation of President Roosevelt's declaration of June 8, 1943, to the effect that it was American policy not to use bacteriological and chemical weapons unless they were first used against us. In part, the Chemical Corps' current campaign is aimed at securing a reversal of this traditional policy. The Pentagon's opposition to the Kastenmeier resolution is unqualified and substantive. The State Department is also opposed, on the ground that the President should be given a free hand to deal with any situation that might arise in the future. But the resolution, if approved by Congress, would not bind the President; it would merely represent Congressional reaffirmation of the earlier policy declaration. Adoption of the resolution — it is still bottled up in the House Foreign Affairs Committee — has now become a firm necessity. Not to adopt it, in view of the Pentagon's extraordinary campaign to "sell" gas-germ warfare, would make the world suspect that we intended to use these fiendish weapons for other than purely defensive purposes.

Our Finest Hour

Addressing the AFL-CIO Conference on Foreign Affairs last week, Maj. Gen. John B. Medaris, retired head of the Army's missile command, delivered an hour-long attack on American military policy. The audience was reported to be stunned — but apparently by the wrong things. What shocked the labor leaders was that the General, a believer in old-fashioned war with modern trimmings, asserted that we were spending "almost astronomical" sums for "redundant" long-range nuclear weapons, but were in no position to fight the localized wars dear to his heart. Probably the labor statesmen were not much moved by his incidental revelation that our present stockpile of nuclear weapons represents "the equivalent of ten tons of TNT for every man, woman, and child on earth." Ten tons of TNT was the explosive load of the biggest bombs — the "blockbusters" — used in World War II. Now, on the basis of General Medaris' figures, everybody has a blockbuster for his very own. The total is about 25,000 megatons, or some 8,000 times as much as all the explosives fired in World War II. This is splendid enough, but we must consider that these are *our* bombs — why does General Medaris distribute them among the lesser breeds and minor powers of the earth? If we keep them for our own people, to whom they rightfully belong, it figures out to not a mere ten tons, but around 140 tons of TNT for each one of us, whether with one foot in the grave or just emerging from the maternal womb. What a firecracker! What an achievement of the human spirit! What a glorious age to be alive in!

Big Cold Warrior

No one will gainsay that the mantle of John Foster Dulles (*clarum et venerabile nomen*) has descended on the shoulders of George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO. And it fits him well. At the Conference on Foreign Affairs at which General Medaris threw a scare into the participants, Al Hartnett, secretary-treasurer of the International Union of Electrical Workers, had the nerve to propose that the labor federation soften its stand on the Soviet Union and consider exchanges between "average" Russians and Americans to foster better understanding between the two peoples. Pleading that communism as a world force is "here, and will be for some time," Mr. Hartnett proposed that American labor should "learn to live" with this apparently obdurate fact. He said further that under present auspices a "bad image" of the United States had been created throughout the world.

Mr. Meany would have none of it. In one of the heated replies in which he excels, he declared that exchanges might be all right "for artists and business people," but not for labor. Labor must remain pure in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heart, unsullied by intercourse with the ideologically obscene. He appealed on behalf of the captive millions in whose bosoms hope still lingers, but would be dashed to atoms if American labor leaders should "fraternize and socialize with their captors, their oppressors, their jailors." Let the Soviet labor skates talk to government representatives if they come here but, said George, unmoving as the polar star, "They are not going to talk to me." Mr. Hartnett was obliterated. At this point, however, Joseph Curran, president of the National Maritime Union, tugged at the Meany sleeve and whispered that he had already made plans to visit Moscow this summer. He asked whether it would be in order to debate the issue of his trip before the conference. Mr. Meany replied (also in a whisper) that the question would come up before the AFL-CIO Executive Council at a meeting in Washington May 3. Mr. Curran remained silent, but later said that his trip had been endorsed by the full membership of his union and he had no intention of dropping it. When Mr. Curran returns, it will be Mr. Meany's task to fumigate not only Mr. Curran, but the entire National Maritime Union, lest the contagion spread.

Another Gideon's Army

The New Jersey Republican primary was billed as a test of the well-known Taft-Knowland hypothesis — currently espoused by Senator Barry Goldwater — that the Republican problem is to bring out the massive right-wing vote which stays home out of pure spite unless offered candidates who will voice its favorite nostrums. Senator Case's easy 2-to-1 victory over Robert Morris — a victory won despite the fact that all but six of the Republican county leaders took a "neutral" position — should pretty thoroughly demolish the "stay-at-home" or "if-we-only-had-a-real-alternative" theory of why the Republicans don't win more elections.

But the New Jersey primary should also scotch another myth, namely, that there is in fact a powerful "Right" which numerically dominates the Republican Party. During the brief heyday of the late Senator McCarthy, "moderate" Republicans lived in mortal fear of this hypothetically all-powerful right wing; the myth that it exists has been carefuly nurtured for many years by a strange collection of diehard money-bags perennially eager to have their private prejudices noisily voiced in public. So widely is the illusion accepted that it has become accepted practice on radio and television forum and panel shows, in public debates and in college discussion programs to invite a spokesman of the "Right" — Dean Clarence Manion, William Buckley or Senator Goldwater — who by his presence offers assurance to timid program chairmen that the proper "balance" has been attained. Thus a "balanced" presentation is insured by having, say, Senator Goldwater appear on the same program with Senator Humphrey. But this kind of matching does not secure "balance" in a program because the "Left," which is even smaller than the "Right," is never represented. The effect of recognizing the "Right" as a division of approximately the same numerical weight as the "Center" is to magnify, out of all relation to reality, the significance of the former in American politics. And an incidental effect, of course, is to give the spokesmen for the Right — are there more than a half-dozen? — illusions of grandeur.

If splinter groups and factions are to be represented in the ongoing American political dialogue as they should be, then a true balance calls for representation of the Center plus two wings, not merely one. But the public's limited attention can best be husbanded by rejecting the notion that there is, out across the country, a vast army of disaffected, prepotent, angry voters of the Right who, if only they could find candidates close to their heart's desire, would bring the Republicans to power from coast to coast. The New Jersey primary is merely the most recent demonstration that the size of this army has been vastly inflated.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

Dan Wakefield, *The Nation's* roving reporter, has just returned from a trip through portions of this country's own apartheid battleground. The Southern hospitality extended to him included an attempt to beat him up on the streets of Montgomery, Alabama.

You will read the details in next week's issue, most of which will be devoted to Wakefield's extensive report on a South caught up in one of the historic movements of our time.

Jane Addams

The hundredth anniversary this year of the birth of Jane Addams celebrates a pioneer in human welfare who, beginning as a crusader against the evils of the Chicago slums where she went to live, rose to international acclaim as the leader of the most influential women's movement for peace and freedom.

Quaker, pacifist, reformer and humanitarian for half a century up to her death at seventy-five in 1935, she was incessantly in the news as the center of highly controversial causes. Although she called herself a middle-of-the-roader, her championship of the underdog, her pacifism in wartime and her unflinching response to injustice pushed her to the Left of the road and made her a favorite target for self-styled patriots and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reactionaries. When her name appeared heading one of the earliest Congressional lists of subversives, the then Secretary of War, Newton Baker, disposed of it by observing that the name of Jane Addams dignifies any list on which it appears.

It is testimony to her character that Jane Addams was able to win so great a respect even from her opponents. A serene wisdom, a sweet reasonableness and a vast compassion inspired deference to her judgments and quieted her critics. Of all the leaders in American reform I knew during my years in social welfare, and later in the crusade for civil liberties, she was the most impressive in combining courage and vision with practical sense.

She organized the first international peace conference of women at The Hague in the midst of World War I; when America entered the war, appreciating the futility of continued opposition, she threw herself into the campaign for food. After the war she renewed her campaign for peace. She won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1931 and, at a great public function in Washington just before her death, the homage of the world's leaders. Besides her international work, she continued to aid her neighbors at Hull House and to take part in national social and political reform movements—among them the American Civil Liberties Union, of which she was one of the founders.

Jane Addams has left a heritage of a score of national reforms achieved, her published interpretations of her times and labors and—most enduringly—the unfulfilled tasks of peace and freedom in the ongoing world union of women she created. ROGER BALDWIN

The Non-Revolutionary Daughters . . *by Wade Thompson*

THE ONLY reason I have ever been sorry to be a man, and to be descended from pirates, is that I am barred by Nature from ever joining the Daughters of the American Revolution—my very, very, favorite organization. I suppose I could join the Sons of the American Revolution, but that would be like going into a monastery when I would infinitely prefer to go into a harem. Besides, the Sons are merely an emasculated version of the true virago: they serve well as court eunuchs, but they obviously haven't one-tenth the *élan vital* of the Daughter. It's the Daughter that gets my ogles—the true, beagle-eyed, firm-lipped, double-breasted Daughter, with dedication to burn; and I earnestly believe she should get the admiration of a lot of people who are presently ignoring her—particularly of poets, painters and composers, whose job it is to endow the heroines of our history with immortality, and who have heretofore fallen down on the job miserably so far as these fair Daughters are concerned.

I refer these immortalizers to the official records of the D.A.R. which the U.S. Government publishes annually* in commemoration of the doings of these dear girls, who last week held their annual conclave in Washington. Anyone investigating these records will agree that here, at least, the government is performing an invaluable service. Without such records, the American people would be completely ignorant of the fertilizing rectitude and roaring fervor of nearly two million ladies who, by eternal vigilance, keep this great land free from sin and sedition.

To read these documents—fully indexed, annotated, imprimatured and canonized—is to taste the joys of a literary experience beyond compare. No one will ever fall asleep over the prose of the darling Daughters. Their syntax is revolutionary, their metaphors original, their adjectives bold, and their spirit is charged with a moral splendor that vies with the fires of hell. Everything is direct, raw, straight from the bile. "Daughters, we must teach and teach again the principles of Americanism to our Negroes, our war brides, our foreigners and our Scandinavians!" "Daughters! We must seize the reins and ride our country safely through the Scylla of Communism and the Charybdis of Socialism." "Daughters!" (the Daughters have a marvelous habit of yelling at one another: Daughters! *Daughters!* DAUGHTERS!) — "Daughters! we need to be shocked! We can't live forever in a daze!" "Make this your battlecry: a 6 per cent increase in membership!" "Daughters! We must heed the warning that we cannot take our heritage for granted, without doing something about it!"

In just such liver-rocking language come the reports from every D.A.R. state regent in the republic, and from every committee dedicated to national salvation. Some of these are better than others, but—as Dryden said of Shakespeare—there is "God's plenty" for everybody. The Printing Committee happens to be my favorite. These dear ladies abhor "dry statistics" and "dull facts." Every year they compose an impassioned prose-elegy to the "D.A.R. presses which are humming night and day with never a pause for breath." The Americanism Committee (which every Daughter secretly

WADE THOMPSON, author of "My Crusade Against Football" and other irreverencies which have appeared in The Nation, *is currently compiling these and other essays on the American scene into a book to be published by Argonaut Books under the title* Sacred Cows.

*In Senate-numbered documents commonly known as the "U. S. Serial Set," published by the Government Printing Office at government expense.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yearns to be on, since nothing makes her happier than banishing an infidel or burning a book) invariably packs a wallop: "At the University of Illinois, banishment of the American Youth for Democracy was accomplished by the Alliance Chapter," reports Mrs. C. as she proudly thumps her chest. The Membership Committee sometimes gets carried away: "The nation has become D.A.R.-minded," announces the Chairman, but her fervor easily compensates for her ignorance. And the Future-Generations Committee sometimes gets downright indecent in its effort to encourage more children among D.A.R. members. (I'll refrain from quoting anything on this point.)

WHATEVER the report, whatever the resolution, there is sure to be something that will positively disjoint your esophagus and put you into a state of euphoric paralysis. There is an award, for example, to Fulton Lewis, Jr., for "piercing the Iron Curtain with religion." There is a long, rhymed elegy to J. Edgar Hoover that can be sung to the tune of "Coming Through the Rye." There are twenty-seven different resolutions to fight communism in the churches (sometimes done up in Shaw-like wit: "Resolved that the D.A.R. urge each church member to seriously study the psychology of subversion in order to distinguish between the Word of God and the voice of Moscow"). And there is a solicitude for the Sons of the American Revolution that can only be described as embarrassing.

One thing these reports prove—and prove beyond the shadow of a doubt—is that the D.A.R. is fundamentally a Thing of Zeal. A true Daughter never sits down. She is forever at her job—scrubbing, cleaning, banishing. "Busy as beavers building a dam," begins the chairman of the Good Citizens Committee, and only modesty prevents her from saying that beavers were never so busy. Carry Nation herself, in all her fortitude, could never have dreamed of chopping down more hovels of iniquity than the modern Daughter. One sees in the mind's eye whole hordes of D.A.R. girls, be-girdled and be-gartered, sweating like harridans in the endless task of keeping our thoughts fresh and clean and all ready for Sunday school. Moreover, the D.A.R. keeps an accurate tabulation of all the work it does, and all the time it consumes. Each state regent records the number of hours her charges work—"Wisconsin, 5,316 hours"—and submits an annual total. Then the National Computation is made and published so that Congress and all heretics will be duly impressed. Last year the D.A.R. worked a grand total of 177,392 hours and fifteen minutes, according to my calculation.

WHENCE cometh all this Zeal? Surely only a social psychologist of superhuman profundity could give a satisfactory answer, but it seems clear to me that at least part comes from murky and subterranean drives that can't be satisfied elsewhere. We snooty and sniffish men tend to overlook this. The poet Byron got close to the heart of the matter when he wrote

> Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
> 'Tis woman's whole existence.

But suppose a woman gets no love at all? One has only to glance at any portrait of the D.A.R. to see the problem. After all, who in his right mind would voluntarily woo the Daughters? Who would mutter sweet nothings in their ears? Who would flutter their pulses with poems

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or thrill them with soft kisses? Who would ever conduct a pantry-raid against them?—not even the American Legion in all its intrepidity. Faced with this problem, the Daughters have organized themselves into a powerful combine to *force* men to love them. And they have succeeded. J. Edgar Hoover loves them; Richard Nixon loves them; Dwight Eisenhower loves them; in fact, millions of knuckle-heads love them — or at least *say* they love them, and any politician who shudders for his political hide had *better* love them or face the fury of a woman scorned.

In all probability the founders of the D.A.R.—those dear ladies who first collected in Washington on October 11, 1890—had no idea that they were about to supply the nation's greatest organized compensation for ladies in distress, but the fact can no longer be doubted. The D.A.R. is surely the fastest growing Outlet for Unused Energy in the republic. According to the official published records, at least 137 squadrons of experts on genealogy and pedigrees are working night and day to clear the eligibility of an estimated 325,000 applicants clamoring to get in. We can only hope they will do their work as rapidly as possible, and that every last lady who feels the need of being a Daughter will forthwith be just that.

The Daughters would do well, however, to watch carefully over their incoming members, for the Evil One—he who originally picked on Daughter Eve to promote his malefactions—is still in the vicinity (now masking as a Communist), and would love nothing better than to seduce the D.A.R. to ways of sin. I cite an alarming dispatch from the staid old reliable *New York Times*:

> BINGHAMPTON, Oct. 3—The New York State Daughters of the American Revolution were so "jarred" last night by one of the speakers at its annual convention that, in the words of its press spokesman, "they have been wandering around in a daze."
>
> Dr. Clinton Rossiter, head of the Department of Government at Cornell University, told them that he thought it was the United States' mission "to lead the world over the centuries to a system of world government."
>
> Mrs. Thurman C. Warren, Jr., of Chappaqua, a former state regent of the D.A.R., issued a statement today.
>
> "Last night the conference members were jarred by the statement that in so many years we would be controlled by a world government. . . . A jar such as we received last night might well serve to shake the citizens of a complacency that is threatening to devour our country."
>
> "Daughters, we need to be jolted," Mrs. Warren added, "Russia, with her dictatorship government, is determined to force her ideology on the world."

At first glance this seems harmless enough; but to anyone trained in the psychology of subversion it is apparent that Dr. Clinton Rossiter is only a smoke screen to cover a much more devious person. Rossiter is not the True Enemy; the True Enemy never operates on the surface. The True Enemy in this case is none other than Mrs. Warren. Consider the good lady's subtlety. "Daughters," she says, "we need to be jolted." And who is the man noble enough to jolt us? An "agent from Russia" named Clinton Rossiter. MRS. WARREN IS COMMENDING A COMMUNIST! Ergo: she must be a—oh, my God!

DAUGHTERS, WE NEED TO BE JOLTED! THE ENEMY IS IN OUR VERY MIDST!

TIME-BOMB IN PANAMA

. . by Martin B. Travis and James T. Watkins

AS THE politicians in the tight little oligarchy which has ruled and nearly ruined Panama since 1903 study cues for their quadrennial shadow dance — the Presidential election to be held there on May 8 — tremors in the earth hint that their stage is the roof of a volcano. The United States, guardian and administrator of the Canal, watches the local political miming apparently as inattentive to the political rumblings as the oligarchs themselves.

MARTIN B. TRAVIS and JAMES T. WATKINS, both of whom teach political science at Stanford University, have specialized in the field of international relations.

Yet in Panama are to be found all the conditions for a nationalist revolution which will rival the recent upheavals in Cuba and Egypt. A corrupt and decadent ruling clique of forty or so families dominates the social, political and economic life of the country. The best land is theirs, but they have developed it neither wisely nor well. Agricultural workers earn $1.50 for a twelve-hour day. In Panama City, which holds a third of the country's one million inhabitants, the wage scale — 35c to 40c an hour — is half what Panamanians receive for comparable work in the United States-controlled Canal Zone. Unemployment, affecting about 12 per cent of the country's labor force, is concentrated in the cities, where demagogic politicians can more easily exploit the attendant frustrations. The greater part of the population — a third is illiterate and four-fifths are Negro and *mestizo* (mulatto) — ekes out a subsistence living with little reason to hope for a change under the existing system. As the tiny, inbred coterie which is Panama's high society has its fun in top government offices and waxes richer while it does, the nation's million inhabitants resentfully grow poorer — and more numerous.

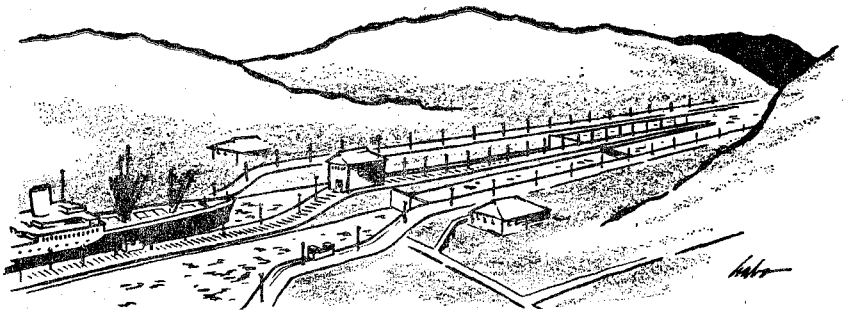
Apparently the presence of the United States in the Canal Zone, by providing a convenient whipping boy, helps blind Panama's rulers to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the realities of their situation. Must concessions be made to the temper of the populace? The United States can be blackmailed into making them. Fancied injuries to the national pride will divert the attention of Panama's 400,000 voters from their domestic grievances. United States control of Panama's biggest business, the Canal, can be made to obscure the oligarchy's control of Panama itself.

Nationalism always feeds upon the unwanted presence of foreigners. Nowhere is that presence more obvious than in the ten-mile-wide, fifty-mile-long Canal Zone bisecting the pocket-handkerchief-sized land from ocean to ocean. In the Zone, only the American flag flaps in the tropic breeze, and beneath it sprawls a bureaucrat's Garden of Eden. Every one of the 50,000 Yankee residents is a civil or military servant living on what the Panamanians think of as the fat of their land; segregated facilities, introduced by Southern administrators, hold at arm's length the native inhabitant. The Zone operates under the alien law of the United States with an administration so vulnerable to pressures from a dozen different government agencies in Washington that it further irritates the people of Panama by inconsistent and uncertain policies.

THE American presence provides the Panamanians with other complaints for the oligarchs to whet. A third of the country's gross national produce is accounted for by the $1.9 million rent paid for the Zone, the $25 million paid to the 16,000 Panamanians employed therein, and the $27 million spent by the American officials and their families. Yet much more is demanded. Up the rent to $40 to $50 million by applying the 50-50, or even 60-40, formula used by Venezuela with the foreign oil companies! Pay Panamanian employees as much as United States employees are paid! Train Panamanians for the "sensitive," skilled positions of pilots and lock engineers! Playing upon these themes, the oligarchs in the past have been able to divert the masses' resentment against themselves into nationalist fervor against the United States. They will not be able to continue much longer to do so. For increasingly the populace is coming to believe that the oligarchs are hand-in-glove with the Americans and battening on blackmail tactics.



THE CANDIDATES in the Presidential election fit the familiar pattern. One is Ricardo Arias, scion of an old and wealthy family, a cosmopolitan of the cocktail set, who nevertheless turns to nationalist slogans in seeking political support. His principal opponent, Roberto Chiari, one of Panama's wealthiest men, comes from a family with extensive land holdings in sugar cane. A third political leader, Aquilino Boyd, a former Minister of Foreign Affairs, was implicated in last year's invasions of the Zone by student mobs intent upon raising the Panama flag there. Boyd, like his opponents, seeks partisan goals by jingoistic means, but the electorate to which he is appealing is increasingly aware of past and future benefits to his $60 million businesses from concessions to Panama's industry wrung from the United States in the name of Panama's national pride.

Successful though the oligarchy has been in exploiting nationalist symbols for private political purposes, the situation is growing beyond their control. Thus when Boyd sought to call off his student-led demonstrations last November, he could not; the nationalist fervor had spread too far. Even more significantly, the West Indian Negroes in Panama have organized an Independent Afro-Panamanian Association, which promises to deliver 150,000 votes in the election. With 80 per cent of the population to appeal to, the association's threat is a real one.

One casualty of any national revolution in Panama will be the United States' hold on the Canal unless, by wise and timely measures, Washington moves to forestall such a development. But this raises another question.

What is the value to the United States of its control of the Canal? Economically, the value has long been rapidly declining. Superhighways and jet aircraft link the East and West coasts of the continental United States with rapid services. Pipelines transport oil at costs which, competing with tankers, have cut into the volume of inter-coastal Canal trade, while the industrial development of the West Coast has created local consumer demand for oil products. Thus, despite the conveniences and economy of the Canal's facilities for bulk cargo, the elimination of the Canal could not seriously hamper, let alone cripple (as once would have been the case), U.S. communications and transportation.

A MORE critical question than the economic is the strategic. How important to the security of the United States is our continued control of the Canal?

In total war, as military experts continually point out, thermonuclear missiles will make the Canal impossible to defend. In limited warfare, on the other hand, no enemy is likely to attack what is for the United States (whose public is still wedded to the idol of the Monroe Doctrine) a psychological chip on its shoulder, and thus risk all-out massive retaliation.

Moreover, what would the enemy gain if it got a Canal whose control was bound to remain strategically vulnerable? American defense strategy has long been based, not upon the Canal, but upon the continental

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

United States. No combat aircraft are stationed there; there is only one reinforced infantry battle group, some anti-aircraft units armed only with conventional weapons, some military police and a few coast naval craft. Here is a lesson for any hypothetical enemy who must operate many thousands of miles from his home base.

But one may argue that an enemy hold on the Canal, no matter how precarious, would seriously impair the United States' strategic position. This is not so. There now exists a two-ocean fleet maintained by naval stations on both coasts. And modern aircraft carriers are too large to clear the Canal. True, missile-firing, nuclear-powered submarines, rapidly becoming the "capital ships" of the fleet, can make the transit. But their use implies total, rather than limited, warfare — and in total warfare, as has been said, the Canal is altogether indefensible. Moreover, the recently explored sub-Arctic route promises to diminish further the Canal's military value.

WHAT course should the United States take to forestall the nationalization of the Canal, which must otherwise certainly follow upon revolution in Panama?

Loud voices are heard asserting that what is needed is not a new U.S. policy, but rather a stronger affirmation of the old. That grand old historian of the Panama Canal, Captain Miles P. Du Val, Jr., and his eloquent mouthpiece in the House of Representatives, Daniel J. Flood (D., Pa.), seem to agree with the incumbent Governor of the Zone, Major General W. E. Potter, that further appeasement of Panamanian sensibilities will only increase the Panamanian appetite. Representative Flood wants us to reassert our exclusive sovereign control over the Canal Zone, suppress all demonstrations and send a squadron of ships south for the sole purpose of flying Old Glory along the coasts of the Caribbean. But to revert to such nineteenth-century imperialist gestures would be only to provoke a stronger anti-Yankee stand by Panama's oligarchy, add fuel to the flames of nationalism among the Panamanian masses, and provide ready-made an issue on which nationalists and Communists could unite not only in Panama, but also in Cuba, Brazil, Argentina, Venezuela and Mexico.

Just as unrealistic is another proposal, recently put forward, that the United States open negotiations with Panama with a view to gaining for us titular as well as jurisdictional sovereignty over the Canal. What Panamanian government could survive for a minute if it even contemplated such a step?

Clearly, unilateral United States control of the Canal would prove as unacceptable an alternative to the present precarious situation as unilateral Panamanian control. The only remaining alternative compatible with United States treaty engagements is some form of internationalization. This solution would serve America's real interests in the Canal: (1) free access to a trans-isthmian waterway; (2) good service at low cost; and (3) a voice in its operation.

The Washington Post and, more recently, a report prepared at Northwestern University for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, endorse a scheme calling for internationalization under the Organization of American States (OAS). But the difficulties here seem to outweigh the advantages. For one thing, in such an arrangement the interests of Europe and Japan, which the Canal serves even more than it does the Latin American flag ships (if "flags of convenience" are discounted), would not be represented. Even more important, during the past decade much of Latin America has come to look upon the OAS as an instrument of the United States, and so has lost prestige in the eyes of the most responsibly democratic Latin powers: Mexico, Uruguay and Costa Rica. It might be some time before the moral ascendancy of the OAS would be great enough to insure a stable internationalization. In the face of a divided OAS, Panama might not feel that regionalization constituted much of a barrier to nationalization.

We must conclude, therefore, that the wisest course calls for true internationalization under a U.N. specialized agency, responsible to the community of nations as a whole, made up of representatives of all the Canal's principal users within and without the Western Hemisphere. In principle, this proposal is in line with the recommendation made originally at the Potsdam Conference in 1945 by President Truman (a principle applicable to all waterways vested with a public interest), and more recently endorsed by Adlai Stevenson and Senators Hubert H. Humphrey and George D. Aiken.

Internationalization in the form of a U.N. specialized agency could be expected to enhance the security of the waterway. Hopelessly vulnerable in a general war, as we have seen, an internationalized canal would offer a less attractive target than one controlled by the United States, as at present, or one administered under a U.S.-dominated OAS. Were an internationalized canal to be attacked, any defense of it undertaken by the United States would enjoy widespread moral and practical support.

IT must not be supposed, of course, that internationalization would be welcomed either by the oligarchy or the populace of Panama, whose claim to titular sovereignty over the Zone is legally as valid as the U.S. claim to jurisdictional sovereignty. Yet many of Panama's most fervent current nationalists were themselves advocating internationalization not long since. Even today they must see that once the Canal came under the aegis of the U.N., Panamanians would get an increasingly more important role in its operations. Meanwhile throughout the Zone the Panamanian flag would fly alongside that of the U.N., Panamanian sovereignty (as distinct from jurisdiction) would go undisputed, and all vestiges of segregation and other discrimination would disappear. By such developments, the nationalist sentiments of the populace would be soothed, while the oligarchy would have reasons of its own for satisfaction. Business interests could anticipate even greater access to Zone markets, and stability in the general picture would increase the stability of their own position.

A different argument—which oligarchs and populace alike can understand—is that Panama enjoys no

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

monopoly of trans-isthmian routes; alternative routes can be developed if necessary. There is the possibility of a sea-level route across the 150 mile-wide Isthmus of Tehuantepec in Mexico—an engineering feat which would cost far less than, say, building the Aswan Dam in Egypt and which would lie within a country where revolution does not threaten. Or else a Nicaraguan route—that ancient rival of the Panama route—could be dug. Either of these could be financed by the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development and administered by a specialized agency of the character we have proposed for the Panama Canal. As late as last November President Eisenhower, who opposes internationalizing the Panama Canal for reasons which Representative Flood would find sympathetic, supported the suggestion that an alternative route to the Panama Canal be developed. This is an idea which would not appeal to Panamanians high or low.

Conditions in Panama are pushing that country toward revolution, of which one of the first fruits would be a move to nationalize the Canal. In that event, the United States might well find all Latin America lined up in support of Panama and the principles of sovereignty and non-intervention. Is it too much to believe that international communism would be looking the other way?

While control of the Canal is no longer vital to the United States, the preservation of international waterways for the shipping of all nations is a traditional American policy. We submit that the United States has nothing to lose and the enhancement of its global interests to gain from seeing the Canal operated by a specialized agency, an international Panama Canal Commission, supported by and serving all maritime powers. No other policy seems to fit the circumstances.

Bourbons, Bosses and Brokers . . *by Robert G. Spivack*

Washington, D.C.

THE DEMOCRATS have not yet chosen a candidate and have scarcely raised an important issue in the 1960 campaign. Yet it is widely assumed here by professional politicians that at least two prominent Democrats—Stuart Symington and Adlai Stevenson — can be elected President if they win their party's nomination.

This forecast, of course, runs in the face of several popular opinion polls which have been saying either that a Republican will win, or that Senator Kennedy is the Democrat most likely to succeed. For many reasons, the "pros" do not go along with these predictions. Wisconsin slowed Kennedy. To many bosses, even of his own religious faith, Kennedy at the top of the ticket would be a nationally divisive candidate. Senator Humphrey, who has always faced an uphill fight, was also not helped by Wisconsin. Senator Johnson, besides being a Southerner, is tied too closely to gas-and-oil interests.

But the main reason for believing, as Illinois National Committeeman Jacob Arvey puts it, that the Democratic candidate's name "will begin with an S" is summed up in the quip by Senator Mike Monroney. "Over the years," Monroney said, "I have run into many Eisenhower Democrats, but I have yet to see a Nixon Democrat."

To the hard-headed political operators, the campaign will be resolved neither on issues nor altogether on personal charm. Instead, it will be dark-jowled Richard M. Nixon running against the Democratic Party. And that poses a fundamental question: What is the Democratic Party?

There are many ways to look at the party. It's the party of Woodrow Wilson, Franklin D. Roosevelt and Herbert Lehman. It's also the party of James O. Eastland, Theodore Bilbo and Herman Talmadge. It's the small haberdasher's party, the missile manufacturer's party, the Irish immigrant's, the small businessman's, the union leader's and the Cambridge intellectual's.

Another starting point, in seeking to define the party, would be to determine what a voter expects it to do for him (to paraphrase Charles Wilson, most voters do think that "what helps me, helps the nation").

In recent years, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., and others have sensibly urged the Democratic Party to quit living in the thirties and to devise a program for the sixties. But except for the Democratic Advisory Council and isolated reform groups, there is little indication that organization Democrats, any more than organization Republicans, think in such terms. Where the well-meant advice soars into outer space is that a man's politics is a personal private possession, with which no outsider can tamper. The surest way, especially in a period of comparative peace and prosperity, to lose a voter's support is to tell him what he "ought" to do and what you think is for his "own good." He wants to think for himself and cherish his own illusions.

To explain better what I mean, ask yourself why so many voters consider themselves Democrats. The Gallup Poll, probably as authentic as any poll, reports that 47 per cent of the voters call themselves Democrats, 30 per cent say they are Republicans and 23 per cent speak of themselves as "independents." The study, based on 9,415 cases, shows that both young and middle-age voters divide almost along the same lines when it comes to expressing their party preference. In the older group voters listed themselves as 48 per cent Democrat, 27 per cent Republican and 25 per cent inde-

---

ROBERT G. SPIVACK is the Washington, D.C., correspondent of the New York Post *and author of a syndicated newspaper column, "Watch on the Potomac."*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pendent. The younger voters listed themselves as 45 per cent Democrat, 23 per cent Republican and 32 per cent independent.

The only way I know to find out why people think as they do is to ask them. I have gone about this in an unscientific way, by the standards of the pollsters, yet the results are probably no less accurate. I have asked ten young men and women in their twenties and another ten middle-aged friends why they considered themselves Democrats. Their answers add up to this: the party still reflects the glory of the New Deal. This was true of Southerners as well as Northerners.

THESE WERE typical replies from the younger group. "I don't care much for the Dixiecrats," said a young woman, aged twenty-two. "But I think there is room in the Democratic Party for new ideas. The Democrats are not rigid. The Republicans seem to have no fresh thoughts. They just copy or modify Democratic ideas and claim they can administer them better." A young man said simply the Republicans were "too humorless." Still another said there were more Democrats who put "national interests ahead of personal interests." A fourth correspondent, who described himself as a "part-time Democrat with independent leanings," said that the party was "more daring, more willing to experiment and more human," but that sometimes he was disgusted with the conduct of "the natural-gas Democrats."

The older people were less communicative and less sure of what they thought. They tended to be more critical of individual party figures—Acheson and Truman, particularly—but still were full of memories of the depression and how the Democrats "cured it." "God knows where we would have been if there had been no F.D.R., no 'brain-trusters,' no acceptance of the notion that government has some responsibility for the welfare of the people," one man wrote.

It would be unwise to make too many generalizations from this small cross section of public opinion, but what struck me is how few defections

Lyndon B. Johnson

from the Democratic ranks there have been notwithstanding seven years of "peace, prosperity and Eisenhower."

What the voters think about the Democratic Party is, of course, tremendously important, and the smart political boss always is on the alert for rumblings of discontent. But what the politicians think of the party and its responsibilities is likewise important. And this is where the "image" of the Democratic Party begins to change. Abstract ideas, clear-cut national policies, a sense of public purpose, all these give way to a picture that is muddy and blurred. Notwithstanding the rhetorical homage which every politician will pay to party traditions at least once in four years, his real attitude is revealed in his day-by-day conduct.

What does this show?

That the Democratic Party is not a national party at all, but essentially a collection of powerful, local-interest and special-interest parties, with no common philosophy unless it is that the man serves his party best who gets the most government business for his clients (not his constituents). This transformation from the voter's romanticism to the politician's realism is sometimes hard to take. That, I suspect, is what disturbed so many reviewers about Allen Drury's *Advise and Consent.*

The key to understanding the Democratic Party is to understand the way Lyndon B. Johnson operates in the U.S. Senate. Since Johnson is no writer and not much of a speaker (we can omit the words his ghost writers put in his mouth), one can only surmise his thinking and try to interpret his *modus operandi.*

There are sixty-five Democrats in the Senate. Of this group, Johnson writes off such liberals as Douglas, Proxmire, McNamara and Clark of Pennsylvania — about fifteen altogether. With the others, he works on the time-tested basis of *quid pro quo.* He does not care what they say in their speeches for home-town consumption; he just does not want them to determine party policy in the Senate. In return, he tries to help them on a practical level. Do they need a bridge, a new court house, some federal appointments, a contract for the local manufacturer? Are they tied up with the airlines, the banks, the steel companies, the unions, the Pentagon?

TO A MAN in Johnson's position, the Northern big-city boss and the Southern Bourbon are brothers under the skin. The voter may think there is a serious North-South cleavage; except on civil rights, the cleavage is more apparent than real. If Johnson (or Speaker Rayburn) encounters a difficult Congressman from Illinois, Mayor Daley is called upon to keep the transgressor in line. If a New York lawmaker should get too independent, Boss DeSapio or O'Connell (Albany) or the lesser-known, but no less powerful, borough bosses of the Bronx and Brooklyn, will whip him into line.

What does the West want? Johnson finds out from an O'Mahoney. To the outsider, it seems remarkable that a new Senator from Indiana, a former college professor from Wyoming, a lawmaker from Montana and Senator Thomas Dodd from Connecticut should all be found among Johnson's admirers. Are the interests of the East and West the same? Maybe not, but their differences are not so irreconcilable that a big, rich government like this one cannot accommodate them. Are two munitions firms, with different Senators as spokesmen, competing for the same contract? Keep them both happy, divide the job.

When necessary, Johnson, the skilled political mechanic, also has

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prizes and rewards for cooperative Republicans. How else explain the "great debate" on civil rights which found Johnson, Everett Dirksen (Johnson's GOP counterpart) and a "modern Republican" Attorney General, William Rogers, determining in advance just how far they were going? (It was not far.)

Johnson understands the organizational Democrat just as another political boss, James A. Farley, did nearly thirty years ago. The difference is that Johnson has no F.D.R. to fall back upon; hence the imprint on the party in 1960 is Texas gas-and-oil, not the idealism and accomplishments of the New Deal.

In addition to Farley, Roosevelt had his Hopkins, Ickes, Sherwood and Wallace. Johnson works with other Democrats, who serve as sort of party brokers—the Harry Trumans, the Tommy Corcorans and Mike Mansfields. These are men well liked by all their fellow-politicians and not too closely associated in the public mind with what Johnson calls the "extremists" on public issues.

This then is the Democratic Party organization of 1960: Bourbons, Bosses and Brokers. Johnson, to the machine men, is Mr. Democrat, even if they will not nominate him for President.

THE THEORY on which the Democratic Party now operates is that it is necessary only to hold the "regulars" in line and attract a few independents to win the election. Everyone else is expendable.

Is this smart politics? We will know the answer soon enough. Certainly it is different politics from what many voters expect. There was a time when the old-line Democratic bosses took the attitude that they would let the party's liberals speak their piece—it would do no harm and might do a lot of good around election time. They have even been known to nominate liberals for office, especially in times when their election seemed unlikely (Stevenson and Senator Paul Douglas can testify to this).

Today Johnson and the Democratic bosses have grown so sure of themselves that they simply ignore the liberals. Once handy to have around, especially when the Old Guard needed someone articulate to tell the voters the "difference" between the Republican and Democratic parties, now they are no longer welcome. Once useful for explaining the "issues," now they have become an unsettling element. They become nuisances when they begin talking about the "munitions lobby" and waste in the Pentagon, when they raise questions about nuclear testing, when they think revenues from offshore oil should go to build public schools.

It's possible that in their appraisal of the national mood, the Johnsons are right. The Democratic Party, as it is now constituted, may coast to victory with 47 per cent of the voters in its pocket and the liberal independents kept in exile. But what happens if the Republicans come to their senses? Suppose the GOP dumps Nixon and replaces him with an attractive candidate like Nelson Rockefeller? The Democratic majority might suddenly vanish—because essentially there is nothing in party policy or practice to retain a voter's loyalty.

GERM-GAS WARFARE . . . by John Barden

Cleveland, Ohio

THIS IS A report on a one-day glimpse of federal activity in the fields of chemical (CW) and biological (BW) warfare and defense. Men in responsible positions cautiously raised the curtain as far as is permitted by federal security in a symposium on "Non-Military Defense—Chemical and Biological Defenses in Perspective" at the 137th national meeting of the American Chemical Society held here recently [see editorial on page 373].

The twelve participants had a common purpose—to inform and arouse the American people from apathy. This reporter, though fraught with apathy, was aroused. The inescapable impression was of inmates revealing the doings in their asylum so far as the guards would permit. These doings they justified by the same doings, only better, in the east wing of the asylum located in the Soviet Union.

An explicit and pervasive premise of the symposium was the existence of the absolute enemy. The enemy, usually though not always identified as the Soviet Union, is formidably capable, implacable and inhuman. He is ready tomorrow to fall upon the United States, a pious, righteous country, to wreak his objectives of destruction and enslavement—or just blackmail—with infernal effectiveness. Fairness requires consideration of this premise in full context, the common purpose to inform and arouse. Fairness also requires that we keep in mind the common definition of paranoia: a mental disorder characterized by systematized delusions, especially of persecution.

Prof. Conrad E. Ronneberg, chairing the symposium, said: "We believe what now follows is a matter of vital, personal concern for every citizen if we expect to avoid a catastrophe that could make Pearl Harbor or Hiroshima pale to insignificance."

Maj. Gen. Marshall Stubbs, Chief Chemical Officer, Department of the Army, stated that the enemy, which he identified as the Soviet Union, is formidably capable in every aspect of chemical and biological attack, defense, research and troop equipment. "Typical of their stated intent to use chemical and biological weapons," he said, "is a statement by a senior Soviet admiral, in 1958, and I quote: '. . . a future war will be distinguish-

JOHN BARDEN, a former newspaper man, teaches at Fenn College, Cleveland.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ed from all past wars in connection with the mass employment of . . . various means of destruction such as atomic, hydrogen, chemical and biological weapons.' "

A frequent theme was expressed by Gerhard D. Bleicken, speaking on "Apathy and Defense": "The lack of an adequate non-military defense program may heighten the probability of surprise attack on the United States." Bleicken is vice president and secretary of the John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company, whose concern about what he called "the real possibility of multi-millions of American casualties" is financial.

A shrill summary, "What We Must Remember and What We Must Do," was delivered by Clifford F. Rassweiler, a former president of the American Chemical Society and vice president for research and development at Johns-Manville Corporation:

> Suppose, at the time most favorable to them, Russia forces us to sign an agreement to banish nuclear warfare, thus destroying our retaliatory power. Suppose at that point Russia unmasks its CW and BW potential and demands our compliance with its terms for world domination. Suppose at that time we have developed neither CW nor BW retaliatory power nor adequate CW and BW defense. If this supposition seems completely impossible to you, or if it leaves you complacent and apathetic about this country's present activity in the field of CW and BW defense, then this symposium has been a failure!

AND THIS IS the chemical warfare threat, according to William H. Summerson, biochemist, Deputy Commander for Scientific Activities, Chemical Research and Development Command:

The lethal and crippling mustard gases have been topped by the more lethal nerve gases, odorless, colorless and absorbable in the lungs or through the skin without initial pain, killing within minutes. Much more lethal compounds are known, and research on any of them may lead to new, more toxic substances of military practicality.

Among the non-lethal chemicals, the promising psychochemicals are lysergic acid diethyl amide or LSD 25, and psilocin. A very small dose of LSD 25—3,000 effective doses would look like an aspirin tablet—produces incapacitating mental confusion which wears off without discernible after-effects. Psilocin is not as effective, but its simpler molecular structure suggests it may be improvable and practical. There are also many drugs producing sleep, temporary paralysis, blindness, deafness, lack of balance, persistent tears, diarrhea or vomiting; and new weapons of this type are on the way. The U.S. research effort, Summerson told this reporter, amounts to $35 million a year at present and is about evenly divided between the lethal and non-lethal chemicals.

THIS IS the biological warfare threat, according to LeRoy D. Fothergill, epidemiologist, adviser to the U.S. Army Biological Laboratory and the Commanding General, Chemical Warfare:

The propagation of disease among people, animals and plants has no quick-kill effect. It is therefore a strategic weapon for use against civilian populations, not troops. The requirement is a highly infectious, hardy, mass-producible micro-organism with a low decay rate, and a population with minimal immunity. The useful bugs are classified as bacterial, rickettsial, viral, fungal and toxins. The feasible human, animal and plant diseases are plague, typhus, typhoid fever, diphtheria, undulant fever, yellow fever, dengue fever, Q fever, Asiatic cholera, smallpox, malaria, tularemia, tuberculosis, dysentery, Rift Valley fever, Japanese B encephalitis, Russian spring-summer encephalitis, Venezuelan equine encephalomyelitis, anthrax, coccidioidomycosis, pleuropneumonia, glanders, foot and mouth disease, wheat rust, potato blight and blast disease of rice.

The overt means of dissemination is aerosol spray in a biological cloud that is invisible, odorless and tasteless. It permeates most structures, searches out and infects all targets permeable or breathing. It establishes new foci of contagious disease in animals, insects, birds and people, and contaminates hospitals, food supplies, water, milk, kitchens, restaurants and warehouses. The infection of an entire continent by biological clouds is possible under proper meteorological conditions.

Covert means of dissemination through saboteurs are almost endlessly imaginable and nearly as endlessly practical.

The effectiveness of BW agents will be modified by the public-health conditions and capabilities of the victim population. Laboratory identification of the bugs is slow, particularly for viruses and rickettsiae. It can be complicated by mixtures of various micro-organisms in varying amounts, not to mention admixtures of radiation from thermonuclear explosions. There are no effective immunizations against some BW agents. A unique Russian immunological experiment exposed groups of volunteers to attenuated living agents of anthrax, plague, undulant fever and tularemia. Later positive immunological reactions suggested success.

Fothergill's station is Ft. Detrick, Frederick, Md., where 950 aroused Americans known as the Fellowship of Reconciliation have maintained a vigil of protest for nearly a year. "We pay no attention to them," said Fothergill, when asked, "and neither does the town."

THIS IS the status of the medical problems, according to Harold C. Lueth of the Council on National Security, American Medical Association:

The mustard gases are detectable by a mild horseradish odor, but soon anaesthetize the sense of smell. Skin, eye and respiratory burns develop in several hours. Severe cases require hospitalization, skilled medical and nursing care.

The nerve gases are detectable,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

short of the laboratory, only by actual casualties. Early symptoms are flushing of the face, contraction of eye pupils, running of the nose, coughing, headache, blurring of vision, tightness of chest and dizziness. These are followed by severe headache, profuse salivation, nausea, vomiting, dimness of vision, fatigue, drowsiness, cyanosis, collapse, convulsions and death. "When muscles in the body contract, acetylcholine is formed in the myoneural junction, and an enzyme cholinesterase breaks down the acetylcholine as it is formed," said Lueth. "Nerve gases act by preventing the enzyme from acting and the acetylcholine inhibits, in seconds, any further action of the muscles."

The treatment is artificial respiration (except mouth-to-mouth, which can poison the rescuer) and administration of atropine, which overcomes the action of acetylcholine throughout the body. Three dosages of two cc injected at ten-minute intervals are recommended for moderate or severe cases. A physician should supervise further treatment.

Treatment of specific diseases caused by the biological agents, once identified, is well understood. The real answer, however, is an enlarged preventative disease program for man, animals and plants. Here the United States has surprisingly effective resources. The Asian influenza threat of 1957-58 was regarded by some as a dry-run for biological warfare. The combined scientific, technical, medical and public-health resources of the country were pulled together. The virus was identified, grown and cultured, and a vaccine made in million-dose lots within several months. This kind of knowledge, fed by continuous research, and public-health cooperation, duly perfected, can probably solve the gigantic problem of biological attack.

THESE ARE the detection, early warning and identification problems, according to Alan W. Donaldson, U.S. Public Health Service, Department of Health, Education, and Welfare:

The need is for speed and accuracy in dealing with a variety of potential agents and a multiplicity of delivery methods. Actual systems exist for the measurement of the bacterial content of air in hospitals. None exists for any single metropolitan area, much less the seventy such areas in the country. The Army Chemical Corps has developed a hypothetical system and a prototype of electronic equipment for counting and analyzing air particles as dust, pollen or bacteria, but nation-wide implementation is far off. Air sampling for viruses and other BW agents has hardly been touched.

The long-range detection of chemical gases is still in the prototype stages. Inspection of water, food and drugs for BW and CW agents is only in the finding-tools-and-techniques stage.

The actual reporting of disease at federal, state and local levels is good. Statistical variations might be the first clues to biological attack, especially by covert methods.

Accurate laboratory identification of CW agents is rapid, of BW agents slow, though progress is being made. A fluorescent dye associated with a serum antibody causes the bacteria for which it is a specific to fluoresce in ultraviolet light. This technique has reduced identification time from days or weeks to a single hour.

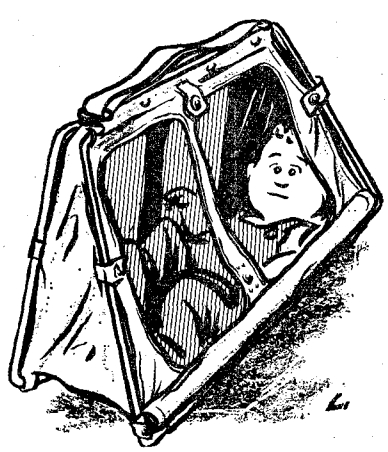
MEASURES concerned with shelter and individual protection were reported by Benjamin C. Taylor and George D. Rich of the Office of Civil Defense Mobilization, still an agency of grandiose plans and limited funds. Shelters, gas masks and container-protection for children up to four are all in the prototype stages. They will be sold, profitably, through normal retail channels. Five million doses of atropine are in federal warehouses, enough for three doses each for 1.7 million casualties. OCDM advice in case of biological attack is necessarily somewhat primitive: evacuate or find shelter; take baths; boil milk and other foods; boil, chlorinate or iodinize water; get all possible immunization shots.

The research needs were extemporaneously reviewed by Paul Weiss of the Rockefeller Institute, a member of the Chemical and Biological Warfare Panel of the President's Scientific Advisory Committee. At the preliminary press conference, Weiss warned: "Don't ask me any questions; I know too much I shouldn't tell."

> In the chemical and biological fields, [Weiss said], defense and offense are an indivisible network of complicated interrelations. We need to know what we must defend against. . . . We need knowledge about man, the target. This is a matter for many, indeed all, scientific fields. . . . We must convince the scientific community that chemical and biological warfare is not a dirty business. It is no worse than other means of killing. There is no excuse for scientists regarding it degrading, particularly in the light of its public-health aspects. . . .
>
> It is my proposal that a counterpart group not directly concerned with the defense effort be established. Such a group must represent all the sciences, be aware of the whole problem, consider everything. I believe the members of the National Research Council could do this. I propose that what has begun here today become a process to which the members of the National Research Council will bring scientific intelligence, scanning and supervision.

No participant in the symposium raised these questions:

Have the United States and Soviet defense establishments gone too far, alone and unrestrained, down the path of easy, mass killing? Is their mutually exacerbating progress approaching irreversibility? Does a dead-end lie ahead both for them and millions of much more innocent people? Does any responsible account of man show him to be so inutterably savage as these Americans think the Soviets are and so bestially inhuman as these Soviets think the Americans are? If so, how have the despicable creatures managed to come as far as they have?



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Pleasure of Creative Surprise

Thomas Moser

INTEREST in Joseph Conrad has been soaring of late. In the first decade after World War II, the reissuing of his collected works and the appearance of fine critical essays by such Americans as Albert J. Guérard, Dorothy Van Ghent, Robert Penn Warren and Morton D. Zabel suggested that Conrad was achieving the comfortable status of an English classic. In 1957, the centennial of his birth, a genuine Conrad boom began; it shows no sign of diminishing. Paperback editions have multiplied. Scores of articles and nearly a dozen books have appeared. Among the books listed on this page, two voices from the past are represented: a commentary on Conrad's characters by Richard Curle, the youthful adoring friend of Conrad's later years, and *Sea Dreamer*, a posthumous translation of the biography by Jean-Aubry, an old French acquaintance. There is a popularized, romanticized biography by a lady journalist, Jerry Allen, and an idiosyncratic analysis of the theme of non-conformity by Osborn Andreas, a "practicing corporate executive in the Chicago business world." There is a scholarly bibliography, and a psychological analysis of the decline of Conrad's creative powers. Professor William Blackburn has discovered and impeccably edited letters between Conrad and his publisher Blackwood; Professor Robert Haugh has written an attractive critical study.

These new books are either quite specialized — or superficial. The first four have about them more than a little of the amateur. As James, Joyce and Faulkner tend to attract philosophical and literary cranks, Conrad's fate is to draw amateurs. His exotic subject matter — the sea and the East — and his melodramatic plots enchant readers who remain forever innocent of the originality of his intricate artistry and the dark complexity of his perceptions. Yet this great novelist deserves treatment at once expert and comprehensive. Two recent works stand out from the rest in their frank attempt to be definitive: Jocelyn Baines's critical biography, *Joseph Conrad*, just out; and Albert J. Guérard's *Conrad the Novelist*, published two years ago.

Jerry Allen. *Thunder and the Sunshine*. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50.
Osborn Andreas. *Joseph Conrad: A Study in Non-Conformity*. Philosophical Library. $3.75.
Jocelyn Baines. *Joseph Conrad*. McGraw-Hill. $7.50.
William Blackburn, editor. *Letters to William Blackwood and David S. Meldrum*. Duke. $6.
Richard Curle. *Joseph Conrad and His Characters*. Essential. $6.
Albert J. Guérard. *Conrad the Novelist*. Harvard. $5.50.
Robert F. Haugh. *Joseph Conrad: Discovery in Design*. Oklahoma. $3.75.
G. Jean-Aubry. *Sea Dreamer: A Definitive Biography of Joseph Conrad*. Doubleday. $4.50.
Kenneth A. Lohf and Eugene P. Sheehy. *Joseph Conrad at Mid-Century: Editions and Studies 1895-1955*. Minnesota. $5.
Thomas Moser. *Joseph Conrad: Achievement and Decline*. Harvard. $4.50.

MR. BAINES's biography is far and away the most detailed and accurate that has yet been written of Conrad. In every chapter Conradians will find exciting new material either discovered by Mr. Baines or first made generally available by him. He presents, for example, a wealth of Polish documents, notably many letters from Conrad's father, Apollo Korzeniowski, and from his uncle, Thaddeus Bobrowski. Mr. Baines has traced Conrad's voyages with painstaking care and has, in the process, caught Conrad in a flat lie to his uncle. Conrad wrote asking for extra money, having, he said, lost all his possessions when the *Annie Frost* sank. But "Conrad was not on the crew's list, nor did the ship founder at this time." Mr. Baines details with equal care the writing career, particularly the sources of the novels. He reveals how much *Nostromo* owes to Conrad's familiarity with memoirs of South American adventurers, and he fills in the anarchist background of the other two political novels, *The Secret Agent* and *Under Western Eyes*.

One of Mr. Baines's discoveries has received wide advertisement. A letter from Uncle Thaddeus to his best friend says that although he has told people that his twenty-year-old nephew was wounded in a duel, the boy in fact attempted suicide in Marseilles. Everyone, including Conrad's wife and children, has believed *The Arrow of Gold* version in which the hero falls in a duel over his Basque mistress Rita. Actually, there is nothing surprising in the suicide story. Conrad's reputation as a ship's officer who liked risky passages, his narrow escapes in the Congo, his many deeply depressed letters, all suggest a person more than usually self-destructive. Nevertheless, Uncle Thaddeus' (and Mr. Baines's) belief in the suicide story need not be taken as conclusive. Conrad showed himself willing at another time to lie in order to gain his uncle's sympathy. Perhaps he thought that the duel over a woman would seem to the conservative uncle simply more evidence of a wild bohemian life, while a tale of suicidal despair over financial affairs would elicit sympathy. The suicide story, true or not, certainly worked. Uncle Thaddeus paid all Conrad's debts, some 6,000 francs.

MR. BAINES's *Joseph Conrad* is, then, a valuable, thought-provoking book. But is it the distinguished biographical interpretation hailed by English reviewers? Is it not rather a reliable factual account which fails to present either a coherent interpretation of a believable human being or a persuasive, original critique of his fiction? Joseph Conrad's life was partly, at least, a product of and a conscious reaction against the romantic ideas of Polish nationalism which fostered hopeless devotion to political revolution. Conrad's letters, like much of his fiction, are seriously political. Yet Mr. Baines almost ignores Conrad's ideas and asserts that Conrad is not an intellectual!

Again, Conrad's unusual, tragic childhood requires thoughtful comment. A failure at practical affairs, Conrad's father was a zealous patriot, fanatically committed to Polish independence. His mother delayed her marriage eight years, in deference to her dead father's wish. Once she was married, however, she wholly espoused her husband's politics and went into exile with him, tak-

THOMAS MOSER, author of Joseph Conrad: Achievement and Decline *(Harvard), is on the English faculty of Stanford University.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing along the four-year-old Conrad, their only child. They endured severe privation. The little boy watched his mother, without adequate medical care, slowly waste away with tuberculosis. She died when he was seven. He watched his father withdraw into the consolation of a profound Christian mysticism ("religious morbidity," Mr. Baines calls it). Not surprisingly, the boy himself was often sick and for two years had no schooling at all. Father and son were finally released after six years. Shortly afterwards, the father, too, died of tuberculosis. Uncle Thaddeus became Conrad's legal guardian and tried by affectionate exhortation to wipe out those years and cure the boy of his Korzeniowski impracticality. What would a young man with such a childhood be like? Mr. Baines does not tell us, except to throw out a string of redundant, meaningless adjectives: "irresponsible, undisciplined, inconsiderate, sensitive, highly-strung, passionate."

Certain important strands in Conrad's later life need to be recognized, examined, interpreted. With a small but adequate inheritance, why was he forever trying to involve himself in risky financial speculation? Why were Conrad's closest friendships only with men, and why did an open break usually follow intense affection? What was he like as father and husband? He certainly appreciated his wife's domestic virtues and worried over his two boys. But also he got married with the most obvious reluctance and later frequently treated his family cruelly. All this Mr. Baines either ignores or finds amusingly insignificant.

EVEN more distressing than the refusal to interpret the man is the attempt to interpret the works. *Joseph Conrad* is, alas, a "critical" biography. Yet none of the valid critical perceptions is original. Although the book claims to be "carefully documented" (some 1,600 footnotes, one quarter of them *Ibid.*), it acknowledges indebtedness for critical ideas only in a single statement at the beginning. The common reader could hardly guess the constant debt to Messrs. Guérard and Zabel. Moreover, specific borrowings from other critics (including this reviewer) not only of ideas but even of phrasing go utterly unacknowledged.

While such carelessness is irritating, it need not invalidate Mr. Baines's critical assertions. But the truth is, Mr. Baines would have written a better book if he had borrowed more. He would have written an even better one if he had read the novels with attention and humility. Mr. Baines regards "catastrophe" as Conrad's central theme, thus simplifying him into a Thomas Hardy, who sees man as wholly the victim of outside forces. This is an inaccurate reading. Conrad is a moralist; the catastrophes he inflicts upon his characters exist to test their moral strength. The insistent ironic tone of Conrad's voice — and Marlow's — pronounces constant moral judgment.

Mr. Baines fails to recognize Conrad's most important psychological perception, the mechanism of psychic identification. Time and again, a "normal" Conrad character sympathizes irrationally with a criminal, because he unconsciously identifies himself with the other man, senses his own weaknesses in the other. If the reader misses this, he cannot understand some of Conrad's crucial actions. Mr. Baines wonders why Marlow remains "loyal to the nightmare of my choice," Mr. Kurtz, white god of African cannibals. Mr. Baines cannot understand the suicide of Brierly, one of Lord Jim's maritime judges, although Conrad makes it quite clear that Brierly saw in Jim's cowardice his own, and could not endure the thought. Even though Mr. Baines has discovered that the original title of "The Secret Sharer" was "The Secret Self," he sees no special connection between the ship's captain and Leggatt, the fugitive he hides.

In general, Mr. Baines distorts Conrad by oversimplifying him, by remaining unaware of the ambivalent feelings at the heart of Conrad. He converts *Lord Jim* into a simple tale of sin and redemption apparently because he cannot believe that Conrad could write a sympathetic, but damning, story of a man who fails not once, but twice. When Mr. Baines has no one to lean on, his own critical method is only too obvious: a series of quotations pasted together with plot summary and such comments as this: "It is well written and there are delightful descriptions. . . ." He reminds one of Henry James's account of readers who feel "that a novel is a novel, as a pudding is a pudding, and that our only business with it could be to swallow it."

THE true artistry of Conrad — what Mr. Baines missed — has been beautifully defined in Albert J. Guérard's *Conrad the Novelist*. Although the book appeared nearly two years ago, it deserves at least brief celebration here. Not only a truly definitive work on Conrad, it is also one of the very best critical books on any novelist. *Conrad the Novelist* fully satisfies its author's high aim: "to talk as rigorously and fully about these novels as certain critics talk about poems." Clearly, precisely, Mr. Guérard describes Conrad's moral world, his psychological insights, his political ideas. Even more important, he shows the impact on the reader of a Conrad novel. *Lord Jim* is more than a masterpiece of form; it is a living thing that invades our lives, enlists our sympathies, and makes us harassed participants in the moral action. Mr. Guérard's most memorable pages are on *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* and *Lord Jim*:

> *The Nigger of the "Narcissus"* recasts the story of Jonah and anticipates "The Secret Sharer's" drama of identification. This is a truth but a partial truth. And how many partial truths would be needed to render or even evoke such a mobile as this one. Touch one wire, merely breathe on the lovely thing and it wavers to a new form!

The critic pays tribute to the vivid creation in *Lord Jim*:

> . . . without the finely evoked atmospheres and brilliant minor vignettes, the novel's amount of brooding debate would have become intolerable. Its pleasures in any event would have been different ones. Page by page, *Lord Jim's* consistent great appeal

An American success story

PUERTO RICO

Land of Wonders

by EARL PARKER HANSON

The up-to-date story of an exciting social adventure — the transformation of Puerto Rico from an abject colony to a self-reliant, increasingly prosperous commonwealth freely associated with the United States. Explorer, geographer, and Latin American expert, the author provides a wealth of information on the island's social and economic problems and gains.

"I found it absorbing . . ."
—W. AVERELL HARRIMAN

$4.50 at better bookstores everywhere

ALFRED A. KNOPF *Publisher*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

largely depends on its changing of the lens, on its sudden shifts from a distant and often nebulous moral perspective to a grossly and superbly material foreground. Marlow's tendency to make such shifts is his most personal and most useful mannerism. It lends reality to the unsubstantial reveries, as gross substance is bound to do, yet invites us to look at them more critically. But most of all, it offers the pleasure of a creative surprise.

Mr. Guérard's book is difficult and complex, as any criticism worthy of Conrad must be. Still, *Conrad the Novelist*, by the austere, scholarly explorer of André Gide, contains far more genuine, informed delight in its subject than does Mr. Baines's biography.

A sharp, fresh approach to the dilemma of capitalist-socialist conflict. A fundamental new analysis with a clean-cut program for a space-age economy.
Published January 1960 $2.00
THE KEY TO WORLD PEACE AND PLENTY
By Elsa Peters Morse
SUMMIT PRESS
P. O. Box 5047, San Francisco 1, Calif.

A
Non-Communist
Manifesto

THE STAGES OF ECONOMIC GROWTH

by W. W. ROSTOW

Karl Marx asked some pretty good questions, but came up with wrong answers. Rostow gives the five stages that nations must go through, from the traditional, through "take-off" to high mass consumption. He shows how this must affect the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R., and the problem of peace.

"The most stimulating contribution to political and economic discussion made by any academic economist since the war."
—The Economist

Cloth $3.75 • Paper $1.45

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Dishonest Under Pressure

THE THIEF IN THE WHITE COLLAR. By Norman Jaspan with Hillel Black. J. B. Lippincott Co. 254 pp. $4.95.

Donald R. Cressey

THE FIRST general embezzlement statute, which outlawed the act of fraudulently converting funds that had come into a person's hands legally, was passed in England in 1799. In an earlier period, business had been carried on by principals themselves — masters were masters and servants were servants. As commerce and business developed, servants had to be transformed into clerks and cashiers, but there were no laws that could be used to prosecute the new class of trusted employees when it dipped into the employers' pile — a practice that became widespread. The new embezzlement statute, which was modified and improved regularly up until about the time of the Civil War, was designed to fill this legal loophole.

This short history suggests that modern business can be conducted only if there is trust; a company that closes off all opportunities for trust violation certainly will diminish the amount of money lost annually to dishonest employees and executives, but it will also go out of business. Businessmen can only hope that our laws against trust violation, plus the dignity of stalwart employees and partners, will keep trust violation down to tolerable levels. Jaspan and Black show how fragile that hope may be.

The authors of *The Thief in the White Collar* — president of a management consultant firm and a free-lance writer — document the fact that embezzlement has become one of the institutions of our commercial life. Most of the cases they describe were discovered when some company asked the management firm to determine why its margin of profit was decreasing despite the fact that its volume, or efficiency, was increasing. Dishonesty was found in more than 50 per cent of the companies that hired the consultants merely to survey plant layout, materials handling systems, control systems, etc. — cases where there had been no prior hint of dishonesty.

One chain of supermarkets loses between $4 and $5 million a year through stealing, half of it by its own employees. Bonding companies paid out $35 million in honesty insurance claims in 1957, and only 10 to 15 per cent of the nation's manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers were insured. Last year, Jaspan's firm unearthed more than $60 million worth of dishonesty, with more than 60 per cent of it attributable to supervisory and executive personnel. Jaspan estimates that in 1960 about $5 billion will change hands in kickbacks, payoffs and bribes. It is estimated that at any given moment, between $10 and $25 million is missing in employee thefts that have not even been discovered. The entire take for a year in the United States is not known, but it must be fantastically high.

The authors do little to explain embezzlement. They call all company and employee thefts "white-collar crime," but they are not concerned with the theoretical significance of the concept, as it was developed by Edwin H. Sutherland, an eminent sociologist. They make use of my work on embezzlement (*Other People's Money*), and I suppose there is a lesson in that about the eventual value of "pure" or theoretical research in sociology. Especially, they seem to have been influenced by my observation that a potential embezzler first conceives of some financial problem he has as one that is non-shareable (e.g., his indebtedness is too personal, or embarrassing, to be discussed with his employer or a bank). They do not follow through with an attempt to show the extent to which this generalization fits their cases. (I am happy to report that they did not steal any case histories from my book and report them as their own, a mild kind of white-collar crime perpetrated a few years back by a national magazine in connection with an editorial on the extent of fraud and phoniness in business.)

THE authors fall into the common error of excusing some cases of dishonesty. Before a trusted person can embezzle, he must tell himself that doing so is not wrong, or is somehow justified. He argues that he is only going to "borrow" the funds, or he may believe that his company is not giving him a fair shake. This kind of rationalization is crucial to trust violation; to the extent that Jaspan and Black fall in with it, they add their bit to the embezzlement rate.

For example, criminals who have broken banks by embezzlement are called "Robin Hoods"; beautiful understatement is used to condemn an em-

DONALD R. CRESSEY, author of Other People's Money (*Free Press*), *is chairman of the Department of Anthropology and Sociology at the University of California, Los Angeles.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ployer who grew rich but paid a responsible employee only $70 a week; and it is observed of an embezzler who got a better job after being fired for dishonesty: "for the first time in his life he was making a living wage. Waldo at last could walk with dignity." The authors also seem to admire some managers who helped a female thief get a new job and did not report her to the police because "the reasons for her dishonesty were such that she really didn't deserve punishment." Three embezzlers are said to "have in common the fact that external circumstances over which they had no control forced them to commit dishonest acts." Jaspan also argues that "the most important cause of executive thievery is what I would call management myopia, the near-sighted board of directors or president who shortchanges the firm's high echelon personnel. . . . In numerous instances the financial rewards [the executive] receives are not commensurate with the value of the work he does." He comments on the tragic predicament of an "executive who is expected to cut an impressive figure in his community on a salary that is far from adequate." Finally, it is said that "In too many instances management refused to realize that the employee who cannot live on the salary the company can afford to pay will almost inevitably compensate by falsifying output, or overtime, or expense accounts, or solicit kickbacks. Eventually he will turn to outright theft."

Although they were not so intended, such statements are definitions of situations in which embezzlement is considered appropriate or, at least, not terribly wrong. They have been used by embezzlers for decades. But trust violation is never appropriate; it is always wrong. During the 1943 famine in India, Hindus starved to death rather than kill a sacred animal; they lacked rationalizations to make the killing "all right" in extreme situations. In our society we are so unsure about the immorality of embezzlement that we condone specific instances of it even while we condemn it in general. As long as we continue to find excuses for individuals who turn dishonest under pressure, our embezzlement rates will remain high.

Wagging the Dog

THE GRADUATE SCHOOL AND THE DECLINE OF LIBERAL EDUCATION. By Earl J. McGrath. Bureau of Publications, Teachers College, Columbia University. 65 pp. $1.50.

William P. Tolley

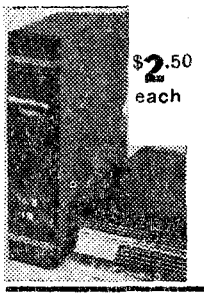
AMID the cacophony of voices sounding alarms over higher education there are very few that deserve serious attention. Higher education is a highly complex force in modern society, about which the amateur may propose, but the professional will dispose. This monograph is the work of a professional. It should be widely read.

Dr. Earl J. McGrath, former United States Commissioner of Education, is currently Executive Officer of the Institute of Higher Education at Teachers College, Columbia University. His thesis is that "if the liberal arts colleges are to regain their proper functions they must free themselves from the dominance of the graduate school."

The purposes of liberal education cluster around man as man in the social and physical worlds rather than man as scholar or as professional practitioner. The three differently focused types of education thus implied are denoted by Dr. W. H. Cowley of Stanford as "democentric," "logocentric" and "practicentric." Liberal, or "democentric" education, should provide a comprehensive body of knowledge in the major branches of learning; develop skills of reasoning and communication, and nurture traits of mind and spirit, a *Weltanschauung,* on the basis of which the purposes and activities of existence can be structured.

Dr. McGrath's substantial historical documentation sustains the premise that a distorting eclipse has occurred. "The decline of liberal education in this country," he observes, "parallels almost exactly the ascendancy of the graduate schools. The liberal arts colleges fragmented knowledge, specialized learning in a multiplicity of departments, and lost their distinctive objectives in a patternless mosaic." The liberal arts colleges "shifted their emphasis from teaching to research; from instruction concerned with the key ideas of Western culture to instruction composed of the latest findings in ever narrower areas of scholarly investigation; from a concern with the complete development of mind and character . . . to the cultivation of the professional skills and the re-

WILLIAM P. TOLLEY is Chancellor of Syracuse University.



$2.50 each

SAVE YOUR COPIES OF THE NATION

• Each file holds a full year's copies.

• Jesse Jones Volume Files for every publication

• Covered in durable leather like Kivar, title embossed in 16 Kt. gold

Satisfaction guaranteed

Attractive and practical for your home or office

3 for $7.00
6 for $13.00

ORDER NOW — send check or money order

Magazine File Co.
520 Fifth Avenue
New York 36, N. Y.

FREE DESCRIPTIVE FOLDER UPON REQUEST

Salute the Summit!

HEAR:

- Mrs. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT
- Gov. G. MENNEN WILLIAMS
- WALTER P. REUTHER
- A. PHILIP RANDOLPH
- Dr. ISRAEL GOLDSTEIN
- Dr. HAROLD TAYLOR
- Harry Belafonte
- Mike and Elaine
- Orson Bean
- Tom Poston

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Thurs., May 19, 7:45 p.m.

sponsored by

National Committees for a SANE NUCLEAR POLICY

SANE Madison Sq. Garden Committee
17 East 45th St., N.Y.C. (17) OX 7-2265

I enclose $..... contribution
for ..... Tickets ($10, $5, $3, $2)
or $..... to aid your work (if out of city)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone.. State.....

(Sorry, no telephone orders can be filled)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stricted subject matter of the various fields. . . ."

Exception may be taken to Dr. McGrath's dissociation of competent research and vigorous teaching. The latter is possible without the former, but it is neither likely nor ideal. The failure of our institutions to relate them properly is not evidence of their immiscibility.

As a consequence of the ascendancy of the graduate school the mores, administrative organization, rewards of academic life, and free self-determination of college policies have been radically altered. In a day when the need for college teachers is expanding geometrically neither the numbers nor the type of preparation is regarded by this study as at all adequate. Dr. McGrath's indictment is severe:

> Although the graduate faculties are largely responsible for the present shortage of college teachers, that is not their sole adverse effect on liberal arts colleges. In a measure the graduate schools deny society the services which the colleges ought to perform by transforming them from institutions for general education into agencies for the initial vocational education of scholars. They produce college teachers prepared not primarily for their chosen work but rather for research activities of a limited character. Through the control of the political machinery in the academic community they determine the policies governing promotions and salaries. By their arrogation of the authority to define the conditions of professional advancement in terms of research and publication they divert the energies of college teachers from their proper employments.
>
> Further, they consistently oppose, often with shocking success, the attempts of liberal arts colleges to resume the time-honored function of providing a general education for youth regardless of their vocational objectives. But, most important, they have splintered the corporate body which once was the liberal arts college into small and often completely unrelated departmental units.

The monograph suggests the alterations in both the liberal arts college self-image and the graduate school programs necessary to correct the situation. It suggests separate graduate programs for those intending to teach and those with special interest in research careers; broadened education for the college teacher; conceptual or integrative thesis work rather than factual research; participation in a seminar on higher education as a whole; and an apprenticeship in the classroom under an accomplished teacher. Only the first and third of these suggestions would face resistance.

The academic community will not welcome his urging trustee action here any more than they did the Ruml and Morrison call for trustee action on class size and the proliferation of courses. But then that community might well consider what action it will take for itself. Kenneth Galbraith's insight that "the march of events" often changes social practices against which reason has been powerless should not hold true of the citadel of reason itself.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

I AM SORRY but *Bye, Bye Birdie* by Michael Stewart, Charles Strouse and Lee Adams (Martin Beck), the new musical fun show at which I had a good time, made me think of grave matters.

My pleasure and my sobriety are both rather paradoxical, for when I began to detail the items which had pleased me, I found myself depreciating the show's attributes. There were no voices, I thought. The music, though interestingly orchestrated, did not strike me as ingratiating. The choreography, though animated — and in the instance of the Shriners' Ballet delightfully surprising— was not unusually distinguished. The leading lady, Chita Rivera, hardly beautiful, dances very well but sings only passably; and the leading man, Dick Van Dyke, can't sing at all, though he has an engaging personality and moves with an odd precision which conveys a winning archness.

The plot doesn't altogether cohere and much of the show appears improvised; it is a revue in disguise. But if one were to insist on such negatives the point and value of this entertainment would be lamentably missed. Somehow these negatives compose into a special sort of crazy-quilt spectacle (it reminds me of the block on West 52 Street where the theatres housing *Greenwillow* and the *Thurber Carnival*, the fancy honky-tonk Dance City, and an Amusement Center offering a shooting gallery, objects for obscene practical jokes and self-photographing appliances, are all conveniently at hand) that adds up to a positive and peculiarly American quality and dissipates many of our critical demurs. The daily press as a whole described the show as "fresh" — which may be the right word; I think of it as phenomenal.

The "phenomenon" is the satiric vein which at times is so markedly accurate that it becomes painful. At one moment I whispered to my guest, "This is so terribly funny that I feel like crying." What ostensibly is being satirized in *Bye, Bye, Birdie* is the teen-agers' craze for the Elvis Presley type of crooner. But the satire extends beyond that: it is a satire on our mass culture, on our all-pervading conformism, our mechanically stratified, almost fossilized infantilism, our public delinquency.

"SATIRE" is perhaps too specific. Ring Lardner, Thurber and a host of minor American humorists may be thought of as satirists — though their work does not always stand sufficiently apart from the objects of their scorn — but a show like *Bye, Bye Birdie* manifests an energetic innocence which appears quite unaware that its pranks are knocking the hell out of everything in and around us — that if the game were carried far enough the result might destroy us.

This point is best exemplified when the "typical" small-town papa rebels against his house being taken over by the crooner, his manager and the crazy kids who swarm around them. The outraged man is about to throw the intruders off the premises when he is told that he and his family are to be televised on the Ed Sullivan show. This breaks his morale. Consumed in glory, he turns to jelly. He, his family and the entire community (of Sweet Apple, Ohio) join in a choral hymn — a Missa Solemnis, a Bach Passion — in praise of the grandeur that is Ed Sullivan.

The audience thinks this very funny, which it certainly is; but one doesn't doubt for a second that it also feels about the great television exhibits — Sullivan's or Paar's or any other of a similar category — very much as do the communicants on the stages. Where then is the satire?

Evil or disquieting thoughts broke through to my consciousness, as it may to that of some others. We begin to feel that our countrymen take nothing seriously except financial panic or, more pointedly, the loss of status which would deny them the privilege of remaining comfortably in the swim of a world encompassed and made safe by the benefits that television sells. Such a world is either the peak of our civilization — the goal of all our striving — or the doom. We all know it, laugh over it, fight it, and sometimes turn the occasional nightmare it causes our still sentient souls into such a brightly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

talented, frightfully ingenious and still youthfully attractive, colorfully frivolous, adulterated expression as *Bye, Bye Birdie.*

The show's theatrical effectiveness is due in large part to the direction of Gower Champion, who also invented the dance routines which compose only one aspect of the evening's ebullience. He is aided by a bunch of remarkable teenagers — one of the most pleasing being the actor, Michael Pollard, who does not however sing and dance as do the others.

ART

Fairfield Porter

IT REQUIRES much more imagination to be a sculptor than to be a painter. And because a sculptor's activity is consequently more serious, a sense of humor is more necessary to him than to a painter — the kind of humor that keeps one from making mistakes about relative values. Is this equivalent to saying that humor is art? It may have been this humor that Renoir found in Degas and missed in Rodin; though a lack of inhibition, or simply great energy — which, if not humor, is parallel to humor and possibly even sometimes superior to it — allowed Rodin to carry off his inflated values.

William King's sculpture, at the Alan Gallery, has a deceptive witiness, so that it looks like something not to be taken seriously. He has a talent for caricature, a quickness of mind followed by a quickness of execution that make him pass from one accurate observation to another. His self-caricature in terra cotta shows an almost characterless, thin face and pendulous chin looking horizontally out from behind thick spectacles like a professor of histology glued to his microscope. *At the Party* is a galvanized iron man like a stovepipe. His thin legs support a jacket in whose right pocket is hooked his right hand; his left arm hangs straight and limp from eagerly stooped intellectual shoulders. It is out of *The New Yorker. Carpenter* is a pine-plank abstraction. At the top a round blank clock face, taperingly narrowly down to the floor; it is a metronome in reverse, pedantically precise about space instead of about time. *Articulated Figure* comments on the habit of anthropomorphizing tools or simple machinery. But King does not use found objects; he completely makes them up. A number of small bronzes show that he can do what is very rare in sculpture: create a three-dimensional whole out of more than one figure in the round. That requires an imagination as much greater than the ordinary sculptor's imagination about volume, as a talent for three-dimensional chess is greater than a talent for ordinary chess.

And if you recall how few equestrian statues are any good, you will be impressed by his wooden *Lady Godiva*, rather abstract, rather flat, but which has a continuously composed silhouette as you walk around it. From any side or angle it looks like a half geometrical bas-relief with all the projections at 30 and 60 degrees. King's sculpture resembles Picasso's most recent sculpture, except that he doesn't get away with so much, and doesn't fall into either of the opposite vices of laziness or pedantry.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

CHOREOGRAPHER George Balanchine bundled together an astonishing mixture of elements when he produced his latest ballet, *The Figure in the Carpet* to music by Handel (*The Royal Fireworks Music; The Water Music*). The Persian motif of the scenario begins with an abstract, dance depiction of desert sands, followed by the creation before one's eyes of an immense Persian carpet that then forms part of the décor. The climactic scene is devoted to an entertainment at the Persian Court, wherein ambassadors from France, Spain, the West Indies, China, Africa and Scotland present themselves in individualized dances. The ballet closes with two "Finales" which have little dance movement, but focus interest upon elaborate and ingenious stage machinery created by designer Esteban Francis. *The Figure in the Carpet* is an eye-filling ballet; a little afflicted by incongruity; occasionally "corny"; and opulent in the extreme. Indeed, it is so strikingly and heavily costumed, and the décor is so assertive (and beautiful) that I was sometimes not sure whether the show belonged to Balanchine or to his designer.

The Figure in the Carpet was composed in honor of the Fourth International Congress of Iranian Art and Archaeology, which opens soon in New York under the patronage of President Eisenhower and the Shah of Iran. The basic ideas for the sequence of five scenes were suggested by Dr. Arthur Upham Pope, Director of the Congress. These are entitled "The Sands of the Desert"; "The Weaving of the Carpet"; "The Building of the Palace"; "The Gardens of Paradise"; and "The Fountains of Heaven."

If you reason it out, there is perhaps no incongruity in *The Figure in the Carpet*. However, the complexity of elements — the plot, the different nationalistic styles, Balanchine's own style, and a variety of historical periods — could easily muddle a spectator more intent on theatre than on logic. It might have been wise to omit mention in the program notes of the Court of Louis XIV, since this information, useful mainly as an insight into the choreographer's source of inspira-

Now Available

RECENT CANADIAN VERSE

A Brief Anthology

Price 75 cents

Order from

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY
Queen's University,
Kingston, Ontario, Canada

The Best Way To Get THE NATION

THE NATION
333 Sixth Ave., New York 14

☐ One Year, $8
☐ Two Years, $14
☐ Three Years, $20
☐ 6 Months, $4

☐ Bill Me ☐ Payment Enclosed
(Foreign Postage $1 a year extra)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE ___ STATE ___

4-30-60

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, was not really pertinent to the scenario, and injected some nervousness as to the locale of the important Reception Scene. At that point, we had already been switched from the out-of-doors to the interior, and from a cast of Iranian characters to one including an international assortment. Handel's music has nothing to do, stylistically, in terms of mood, or of historical period, with either Iran or France. So there were quite enough discontinuous elements floating around in suspension.

The choreography itself was all beautiful. The opening scene, "The Sands of the Desert," employed a large group of girls in movements and patterns as light and gusty as wind blowing over sand. In "The Weaving of the Carpet," Balanchine had his dancers moving fleetly across the stage with long, colored streamers held overhead and flowing out behind them. Though I am seldom as convinced by Balanchine's use of streamers and windings as I am by the other elements in his vocabulary, I found this scene exceedingly handsome.

With the next section came the high point of the evening: a Reception of Foreign Ambassadors, serving as a pretext for a *divertissement*. Here Balanchine loosed his genius for humor and virtuosity. Surprise piled upon surprise, witticism upon witticism.

It would be hard to choose a favorite among Melissa Hayden and Jacques d'Amboise, who appeared as the Prince and Princess of Persia; Edward Villella, as the Prince of Lorraine; Mary Hinkson (of the Martha Graham company) and Arthur Mitchell, as the Oni of Ife and his consort; or Diana Adams, Deni Lamont, Michael Lland, Richard Rapp and Roy Tobias, who danced a delicious caricature of Four Lairds of the Isles and their Lady. Everybody was in top form, and Balanchine had given them enchanting things to do.

The two "Finales," telescoped together, were a letdown, despite the extraordinary inventiveness and the luxuriousness of taste revealed in Esteban Francis' décor. A real fountain, no less, ended the ballet, with fragile, rhinestone-like jets of water shooting into the air. It was a sight to see, and almost made one forget that the choreography had turned static a short time earlier.

History Lecture

An era had come to its end.
It was the end of an era.
The era was now over, and
A new era was beginning.

M. RIDDLE

FILMS

Robert Hatch

JAZZ ON A SUMMER'S DAY is an entertainment documentary made at Newport last summer during the annual jazz festival and when the America's Cup trials were being held there. Though the subject is music, the point of the picture is photography. The camera wanders with lazy curiosity through the streets of Newport (picking up old residents and weekending cats with impartial amusement), looks over the huge camp-chair-crowded field where the festival centers, pokes into the boarding houses where the musicians rehearse and drink beer. It swings out for a gander at the pretty yachts, picks up provocative faces and saucy costumes, intrudes on absorbed couples and indulges in small photographic cadenzas, just to show how relaxed and happy it is.

All this time the great names of jazz are blaring and noodling on the stage, and every so often the camera dutifully scurries back to show what manner of man is producing this grotesquerie of sound. The camera, like a child wandering in a safe park, can move most freely in the daylight hours; at night it is confined pretty much to the festival grounds, but even so it noses around in an ingratiating way. The film was produced and directed by Bert Stern.

As for the music, I'm not an initiate, but I think I know what jazz is about. One of these days, the boys in the audience are going to start handling the girls the way these musicians handle their instruments; then the authorities will surely step in and we shall cry "tyranny," like libertarian sheep. The dithyrambic cry is fine healthy exercise, and one can grin for quite a while at the varieties of erotic experimentation the jazz musicians can evoke; but even dancing around the Maypole gets monotonous in the end, and the time may come when jazz will want to look around for other appetites to feed.

THE INGREDIENTS of *Expresso Bongo* are stale to the point of having lost almost all flavor: the ruthless show business finagler who lives on corned beef sandwiches and uses his self-pity as a club; the aging star who adopts a fledgling performer, only to discover that he has used her bed as a springboard to success. What saves the picture for an American audience is the view it offers of present-day vulgar entertainment in London. The coffee joints where teen-agers shuffle about in jeans, the guitar bands beating out tuneless rhythm, the long-haired boy who sings like a saxophone under water; the half-disgusted adults who make quick money out of this joyless fun — any American who has listened to a disk jockey knows where all this comes from.

It is sad that our bad taste exports so readily. Not that this section of British youth would be preparing morris dances or singing "Widdecomb Fair" if left to its own devices—it would have invented some equally dreary pastimes of its own. But it is better that each country be put to the trouble of devising its own vulgarity; that gives the world a more motley look and does not cover everything with a uniform sauce.

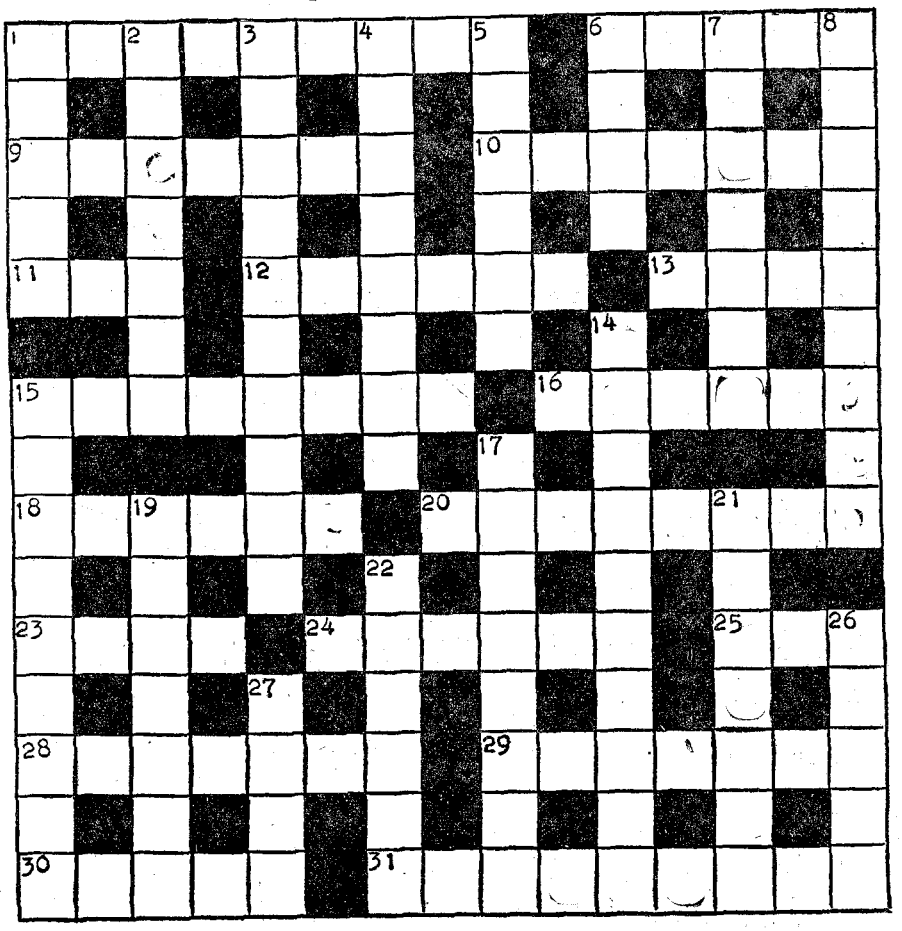
The picture, I think, intends to "comment" on its subject, but I can't tell what it means to say. That, perhaps, is because it singularly lacks wit, though it is full of raffish gestures. There is a promising bit in which a "brain-trust" type of B.B.C. commentator attempts to report on the significance of expresso culture, but he becomes lost in a demonstration of academic dimness. And Lawrence Harvey, who plays the hungry agent around whom the picture develops, is a most unresilient actor. Again, as in *Room at the Top*, he strikes me as having no self-propulsion — the director provides all the steam. Cliff Richard, as the young singer, exudes a horrible authenticity when he is working his act; otherwise he seems stunned, and that is good acting or good casting.

THE BRITISH *Battle of the Sexes* is based on James Thurber's short story, "The Cat-Bird Seat." I have not read the story and would never have guessed Mr. Thurber's hand in the enterprise. It lacks his wit and displays instead the gentle spoofery now characteristic of British screen comedy. An ancient Edinburgh tailoring establishment is thrown into turmoil by the installation of an American lady efficiency expert (Constance Cummings), hired by the impressionable new heir to the firm (Robert Morley). She installs modern office equipment, proposes to abandon the cottage weavers and build a central factory for the weaving of synthetic yarns. Consternation and despair among the old retainers. However the faithful old bookkeeper (Peter Sellers) is a man of absolute meekness and diabolical guile. He sets his little traps, and I think you can reconstruct the story from there. Mr. Sellers plays with what is known as delicious roguery, and six months from now I shall be prepared to swear that I saw Alec Guinness in the part. *The Battle of the Sexes* is good formula fun.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 865

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 It might bear the seal of quality with characteristic tone. (5, 4)
6 and 18 Imminent thing of fine construction. (2, 3, 6)
9 Draws one into the middle of authentic esprit, obviously. (7)
10 Whence some call, and are surrounded by candy. (7)
11 Sleepless serviette in the family.
12 The girl's age is written immediately after this. (6)
13 See 29
15 Being in charge of the meeting suggests the Cross of London. (8)
16 Paper plants? (6)
18 See 6 across
20 Not nice, yet nice in a way, even though there's a dent running through it. (8)
23 What Cato said the belly doesn't have. (4)
24 And what Plato said is the parent of luxury. (6)
25 The measure of look-alikes. (3)
28 A stag in facing trouble? (7)
29 and 13 A light turn-over might have been responsible! (7, 4)
30 Mann said the actual one is the unknown. (5)
31 Pine, because it's some time 29, though not smart. (4, 5)

DOWN:

1 Nerve on the side of the face. (5)
2 This might feel capable of helping out at the reception. (7)
3 A sweet sort of 14. (10)
4 A shaker of gin ruins this, but it might be playing safe. (8)
5 Play a bet, by the sound of it. (6)
6 Where one might be put up in two directions. (4)
7 In a manner expected 31. (7)
8 Is one all right, or just left alone?
14 Rush the construction of these, perhaps, or the construction of 3. (4, 6)
15 What might go with bill each time? Barrels of it! (9)
17 English canaling might be different, however. (8)
19 Grave in visage, but responsible for a certain amount of warmth. (7)
21 To account for the unknown level, by the sound of it. (7)
22 Canal boat? (6)
27 and 26 Just got up in the "Vagabond King." (4, 1, 4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 864

ACROSS: 1, 4 and 6 Black and white; 9 Abscond; 10 Skipper; 11 Derail; 14 Rhesus; 15 Nebulae; 16 Toss; 17 and 22 Pericarp; 19 Charger; 24 Trilogy; 31 Rebuked; 32 Enlists; 33 Durer; 34 Nil; 35 Songs. DOWN: 1, 16 down, 26 across and 27 Beard the lion in his den; 2 Assures; 3 Kaolin; 4 Adds; 5 Dash; 6 Writhe; 7 Impasse; 8 Earls; 12 Leghorn; 13 Puerile; 14 Raleigh; 18 and 20 Impeach; 21 Crowbar; 23 Addison; 24 and 30 Tinkerbell; 25 Yields; 26 Lurid; 28 Noses; 29 Aden.

PUBLICATIONS

GOOD USED BOOKS, 50c-$1
Postal brings you free lists
Editions, Desk N, Hempstead, N. Y.

THE CAROLINA ISRAELITE — the wit and wisdom of Harry Golden. $3.00 per year. **Dept. N, P.O. Box 1677, New York 17, N. Y.**

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS located! Name the book — we'll find it for you. All subjects — fiction, non-fiction. No obligation to buy. Write **Books-On-File, Dept. NA, Union City, New Jersey.**

RESORT

ONLY 50 MILES FROM N.Y.C

RELAX in a friendly atmosphere. Golf at a magnificent Country Club. Dancing. Entertainment. Superb cuisine Fireproof Bldg. Elevator service. Group facilities. In New York City call at local rate.

FAirbanks 5-7227
MAhopac 8-3449

FOREST house
LAKE MAHOPAC, N. Y.

TRAVEL

FOR ALL NEW EUROPEAN CARS write RAYMOND PETER PACH, AMERICAN SALES—23, VIA MARCHE—ROME, ITALY. —for our advantageous prices, worldwide delivery, prompt personal service.

SERVICES

MOVING? Professional moving at competitive rates. Anytime, anywhere. Licensed, insured, experienced. **THE COVERED WAGON, ALgonquin 5-1788 (N.Y.C.).**

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS — Economical, insured moving and storage. **Vans, wagons—NYC, resorts, long distance. The Padded Wagon, Inc. AL 5-8343 (NYC).**

PERSONALS

AIR CONDITIONERS — Buy Now at Tax Exempt Prices Special. 1 H.P.—7½ AMP— Only $159.95. Standard Brand Dist., 143 Fourth Avenue (nr. 14th St.), N.Y. GR 3-7819. **1 hour free parking.**

Service to Our Readers from Our Readers' Service

If there's any book you want to buy (except paperbacks)—you can do so without leaving the comfort of your home.

Here's all you have to do: send us the name and author and, if possible, the publisher of the book. We'll have it sent directly to you.

If payment is received with your order the books will be sent you post-free; if sent COD, you will be charged the regular price plus postage.

No COD's outside the United States. Address your orders to:

READERS' SERVICE DEPT.

***The* NATION**
333 Sixth Avenue, N.Y. 14, N.Y.

Printed in the U. S. A. by RCR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.

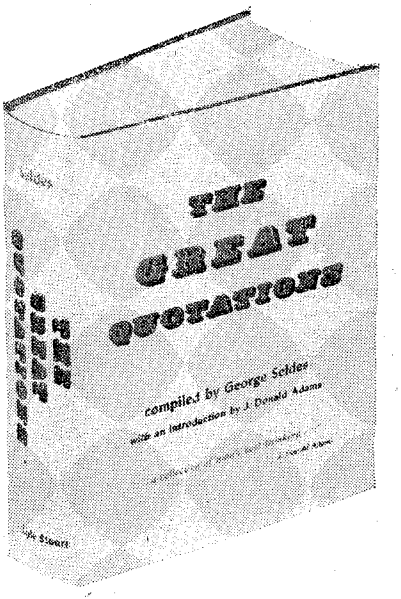
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Message From George Seldes

Dear Friends and Former Readers of IN FACT:

When I wrote my hail and farewell in 1950 I hoped for new financing and a new plan of publishing, but the times were full of fear and anxiety, and now fortunately other publications are filling the void.

I have spent the best part of the decade in preparing a book which my experience with IN FACT readers taught me is a vital necessity. In my attack on censorship and suppression I had learned that even today, and even in free and democratic America, the words and ideas of great men are still feared—and still omitted—and notably in universally accepted, most popular and most familiar anthologies.



The quotations of liberals and radicals and all on the "Left," including Jefferson and Adams (in their views on politics and religion) and even conservatives such as Washington himself, are so universally omitted in books pretending to fairness and completeness, that I am forced to believe that these patriots as well as Tom Paine, and our first Freethinker-Publisher, Ethan Allen, have been deliberately censored and suppressed. I have been amazed by quotations from them, and from hundreds of others, which I have authenticated.

When it comes to Liberty (in general) and to a free press, and to non-conformity, and to dissent, and to Truth itself, the popular and familiar books of quotations are either badly done, incomplete jobs or guilty of suppression. When John Stuart Mill's essay "On Liberty" is omitted from a dozen editions of Bartlett over a hundred years (and is quoted for part of a page today) I must suspect the censor. And so with Milton's "Areopagitica," the world's clearest call for a free press.

From Socrates to Einstein the story is the same.

I have now collected, edited, and indexed what I believe are all the great quotations of all time. I have omitted the 80 to 90% or more of the material in the standard volumes. I do not think that I have used 5 or 6% of the quotations you will find in any other volume.

And, although I have emphasized liberty and democracy, new truth on freedom, free speech and free minds, it does not mean that I have omitted anything important, even the anti-humanitarians, the dictators, tyrants, authors of terror and genocide. **My one test has been greatness. There has been no moral — or any other form of censorship.**

From the more than 100,000 letters I received from IN FACT readers I have a feeling you will value this book as much as I do.

I think it is the best contribution I have made in my lifetime.

Cordially yours,

GEORGE SELDES

NOW . . . after two decades of research . . . and two years of production . . . THE GREAT QUOTATIONS is ready for shipment!

This inspiring volume is a reference work second to none. J. Donald Adams in his introduction calls it "... a collection of man's best thinking . . ."

We believe it is one of the most important books of our time. No liberal or radical should be without one.

This handsome volume is 912 pages . . . bound in buckram . . . stamped in gold.

The price: $15 postpaid

To order your copy and have it shipped by return mail please use the coupon below.

LYLE STUART, publisher
225 Lafayette Street, New York 12, N.Y.

Enclosed is my check or money order in the amount of $15* for a pre-publication copy of George Seldes' THE GREAT QUOTATIONS which I understand you will ship to me postpaid by return mail.

MY NAME .....
(Please Print)

STREET .....

CITY ..... ZONE.... STATE.....

*New York City residents please add 45c sales tax.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED